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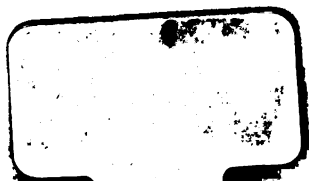
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9

First Edition

10/6



Case 95

Littell

ANDREA OF HUNGARY.

ANDREA OF HUNGARY,

AND

GIOVANNA OF NAPLES.



BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

MDCCCXXXIX.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS,
WHITEFRIARS.

MALE CHARACTERS.

ANDREA.

FRA RUPERT.

CARACCIOLI.

CARAFFA.

BOCCACCIO.

MAXIMIN, *a Soldier.*

KLAPWRATH, }
ZINGA, }
PSEIN, }
PAGE. }
 } *Hungarian Officers.*

PAGE.

GARISENDO, *a Peasant.*

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

GIOVANNA, *Queen.*

SANCIA, *Queen Dowager.*

MARIA, *Sister of Giovanna.*

MARIA OF SICILY, *Half-sister*

FILIPPA, *Foster-mother.*

PETRONILLA, *a Peasant*

PROLOGUE.

My verse was for thine eyes alone,
Alone by them was it repaid ;
And stil thine ear records the tone
Of thy grey minstrel, thoughtful maid !

Amid the pomps of regal state,
Where thou, O Rose ! art call'd to move,
Thee only Virtue can elate,
She only guide thy steps to Love.

Sometimes, when dark is each saloon,
Dark every lamp that crown'd the Seine,
Memory hangs low Amalfi's moon
And lights thee o'er Salerno's plain,

And onward, where Giovanna bore
Keen anguish from envenom'd tongues :
Her fame my pages shall restore,
Thy pity shall requite her wrongs.

Any profits which may arise to the Author from this Edition, he has requested the Publisher will transmit to Grace Darling.

ERRATA.

Page 6, line 11, for *ten* read *twelve*.

„ last line, for *shalt* read *shall*.

25, line 16, for *o'erspread* read *o'ersprad*.

26, line 22, for *FILIPPA* read *SANCIA*, *returning*.

72, line 19, for *sing* read *sip*.

76, line 14, for *rode* read *rid*.

83, line 24, the direction [*He shows, &c.*, should be after the
word *saints* !

85, line 26, for *With* these, read *From* these.

88, line 23, *dele* stage direction [*Goes up, &c.*

ANDREA OF HUNGARY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. PALACE AT NAPLES.

ANDREA *and* GIOVANNA.

ANDREA.

What say you now, Giovanna ! shall we go
And conquer France ? Heigho ! I am sadly idle ;
My mighty mind wants full activity.

GIOVANNA.

Andrea ! be contented ; stay at home ;
Conquer ? you've conquer'd me.

ANDREA.

Ah rebel queen !
I doubt it : we have had war first, however,
And parleys, and all that.

GIOVANNA.

You might have more
Before you conquer the strong cities there.

ANDREA.

England, they tell me, hath as much of France

As France hath. Some imagine that Provenza
Is half-and-half French land. How this may be
I cannot tell; I am no theologian.
Giovanna . . in your ear . . I have a mind
To ride to Paris, and salute the king,
And pull him by the beard, and make him fight.

GIOVANNA.

Know that french beards have stiffer hairs than german,*
And crackle into flame at the first touch.

ANDREA.

'Sblood ! like black cats ! But only in the dark ?

GIOVANNA.

By night or day, in city or in field.

ANDREA.

I never knew it : let the Devil lug them
For me then ! they are fitter for his fist.
Sure, of all idle days the marriage-day
Is idlest : even the common people run
About the streets, not knowing what to do,
As if they came from wedding too, poor souls !
This fancy set me upon conquering France.

GIOVANNA.

And one hour only after we are united ?

SCENE II.

MARIA *enters*.

ANDREA.

Maria ! where are you for ? France or Naples ?
She heard, she smiled . . Here's whispering ! This won't do . .
[*Going ; but stops, pacified.*
She may have secrets . . they all have . . I'll leave 'em. [*Goes.*

* Hungary and Germany were hostile.

GIOVANNA.

Unsisterly ! unfriendly !

MARIA.

Peace ! Giovanna !

GIOVANNA.

That word has sign'd it. I have sworn to love him.

MARIA.

Ah, what a vow !

GIOVANNA.

The harder to perform

The greater were the glory : I will earn it.

MARIA.

How can we love . . .

GIOVANNA, *interrupting.*

Mainly, by hearing none

Decry the object ; then, by cherishing

The good we see in it, and overlooking

What is less pleasant in the paths of life.

All have some virtue if we leave it them

In peace and quiet ; all may lose some part

By sifting too minutely bad and good.

The tenderer and the timider of creatures

Often desert the brood that has been handled

Or turn'd about, or indiscreetly looked at.

The slightest touches, touching constantly,

Irritate and inflame.

MARIA, *touching her shoulder.*

Giovanna mine !

These rhetoric-roses are supremely sweet,

But hold ! the jar is full. I promise you

I will not steal up with a mind to snatch,

Or pry too closely where you bid me not,—

But for the nest you talk about . .

GIOVANNA.

For shame !
What nest ?

MARIA.

That nest your blushes gleam upon.
O ! I will watch each twig, each feather there,
And, if my turning, tossing, hugging, does it,
Woe to Giovanna's little bird, say I.

GIOVANNA.

Seriously, my sweet sister !

MARIA, *interrupting*.

Seriously
Indeed ! What briars ere we come to that !

GIOVANNA.

I am accustomed to Andrea's ways,
And see much good in him.

MARIA.

I see it too.

GIOVANNA.

Fix upon that your eyes ; they will grow brighter,
Maria, for each beauty they discover.

SCENE III.

ANDREA, FRA RUPERT.

ANDREA.

Well met again, Fra Rupert ! Why not, though,
At church with us ? By this humility
You lost the prettiest sight that ever was.

FRA RUPERT.

I know what such sights are.

ANDREA.

What ?

FRA RUPERT.

Vanity.

ANDREA.

Exact the thing that everybody likes.

FRA RUPERT.

You young and heedless !

ANDREA.

We pass lightly over,
And run on merrily quite to the end ;
The graver stumble, break their knees, and curse it :
Which are the wiser ? Had you seen the church !
The finest lady ever drest for court
A week-day peasant to her ! By to-morrow
There's not a leg of all the crowd in Naples
But will stand stiff and ache with this day's tiptoe ;
There's not a throat will drop its paste-tape down
Without some soreness from such roaring cheers ;
There's not a husband but whose ears will tingle
Under his consort's claw this blessed night
For sighing "*What an angel is Giovanna !*"

FRA RUPERT.

Go, go ! I cannot hear such ribaldry.

ANDREA.

Rather should you have heard, as there you might,
Quarrelsome blunder-headed drums, o'erpowered
By pelting cymbals ; then complaining flutes,
And boy-voiced fifes, lively, and smart, and shrill ;
Then timbrels, where tall fingers trip, but trip
In the right place, and run along again ;
Then blustering trumpets, wonder-wafting horns,
Evvivas from their folks, *hurrahs* from ours,

And songs that pour into both ears long life
And floods of glory and victory for ever.

FRA RUPERT.

What signify these fooleries? In one word,
Andrea, art thou king?

ANDREA.

I fancy so.
The people never give such hearty shouts
Saving for kings and blunders.

FRA RUPERT.

Son! beware,
Lest, while they make the one, they make the other.

ANDREA.

How must I guard against it?

FRA RUPERT.

Ten whole years
Constantly here together, all the time
Since we left Hungary, and not one day
But I have labored to instill into thee,
Andrea! how wise kings must feel and act.

ANDREA.

But, father, who let *you* into the secret?

FRA RUPERT.

I learnt it in the cloister.

ANDREA.

Then no doubt
The secret is worth knowing; many are
(Or songs and fables equally are false)
Among those whisper'd there,

FRA RUPERT.

Methinks, my son,
Such words are lighter than beseems crown'd heads,
As thine should be, and shalt be, if thou wilt.

ANDREA.

Ay, father, but it is not so as yet ;
Else would it jingle to another crown,
With what a face beneath it ! What a girl
Is our Giovanna !

FRA RUPERT.

By the saints above !
I thought it was a queen, and not a girl.

ANDREA.

There is enough in her for both at once.
A queen it shall be, then, the whole day long.

[FRA RUPERT *impatient*.

Nay, not a word, good Frate ! the whole day,
Ave-Maria ends it, does it not ?
I am so glad, so gamesome, so light-hearted,
So fond, I (sure !) am long steps off the throne.

FRA RUPERT.

And ever may'st be, if thou art remiss
In claiming it.

ANDREA.

I can get anything
From my Giovanna. You would hardly guess
What she has given me. Look here !

FRA RUPERT.

A book ?

ANDREA.

King Solomon.

FRA RUPERT.

His *Song* ? To seculars ?
I warrant she would teach it, and thou learn it.

ANDREA.

I'll learn it thro', I'll learn it every verse.
Where does the *Song* begin ? I see no rhymes.

FRA RUPERT.

The Proverbs ! Not so bad !

ANDREA.

Are songs then proverbs ?
And what is this hard word ?

FRA RUPERT.

Ecclesiastes.

ANDREA.

But look ! you have not seen the best of it.
What pretty pictures ! what broad rubies ! what
Prodigious pearls ! seas seem to roll within,
And azure skies, as ever bent above,
Push their pink clouds, half-shy, to mingle with 'em.

FRA RUPERT.

I am not sure this book would do thee harm,
But better let me first examine it. [*He takes it.*

ANDREA.

You shall not have it ; give it me again.

FRA RUPERT.

Loose it, I say, Andrea !

ANDREA.

I say no !

FRA RUPERT.

To me ?

ANDREA.

Dost think I'd say it to Giovanna ?
Beside, she gave it me : she has read in it
With her own eyes, has written latin in it
With her own fingers, . . for who else could write
Distinctly such small letters ? . . You yourself,
Who rarely have occasion for much latin,
Might swear them to be latin in ten minutes.
Another thing . . the selfsame perfume clings
About those pages as about her bosom.

FRA RUPERT, *starts*.

Abomination ! Know all that !

ANDREA.

Like matins.

Thence, tho' she turn'd quite round, I saw her take it
To give it me. Another thing . . the people
Bragg'd of my mettle half an hour ago,
And I will show I have it, like the best.
Another thing . . forgettest thou, Fra Rupert,
I am a husband ?

FRA RUPERT.

Seven years old thou wert one.*

ANDREA.

Ha, but ! ha, but ! seven years upon seven years
Could not make me the man I am to-day.

FRA RUPERT.

Nor seventy upon seven a tittle wiser.

ANDREA.

Why did not you then make me while you could ?
You taught me nothing, and would let none teach me,
No, not our king himself, the wisest man
In his dominions, nor more wise than willing.
Forsooth ! you made a promise to my father
That nobody should filch my faith and morals,
No taint of learning eat skin-deep into me !
And good king Robert said, *If thus my brother
Must have it . . if such promise was exacted . .*

FRA RUPERT.

All have more knowledge than they well employ.
Upbraidest thou thy teacher, guardian, father ?

* Andrea and Giovanna were contracted when he was seven, she five.

ANDREA.

Fathers may be, alas ! too distant from us,
Guardians may be too close . . but, teacher ? teacher ?

FRA RUPERT.

Silence !

ANDREA, *retreating*.

He daunts me : yet, some day *cospetto* !

FRA RUPERT.

What mutterest thou ?

ANDREA, *to himself*.

I will be brave, please God !

FRA RUPERT, *suppressing rage*.

Obstinate sinners are alone unpardoned :
I may forgive thee after meet repentance,
But must confer with thee another time
On that refractory untoward spirit.

ANDREA, *to himself*.

He was then in the right (it seems) at last.

FRA RUPERT.

I hear some footsteps coming hitherward.

SCENE IV.

GIOVANNA and FILIPPA.

FRA RUPERT, *turns his back to them*.

O those pestiferous women !

ANDREA.

Ay, well spoken.

The most religious of religious men

Lifts up his arms and eyes, my sweet Giovanna,

Before your wonderous charms.

[*The Friar looks at him with rage and scorn.*]

GIOVANNA.

Simple Andrea !

Are they more wonderous than they were before?
Or are they more apparent now the robes
Are laid aside, and all those gems that made
My hair stand back, chiefly that mischievous
Malignant ruby (some fierce dragon's eye
Turn'd into stone) which hurt your finger so
With its vile crooked pin, for touching me,
When you should have but lookt, and not quite that.

FRA RUPERT, *who had listened.*

Come hither; didst thou hear her?

ANDREA.

Every word;

And bear no rancour to her, tho' she scolds.

FRA RUPERT.

She might have waited twenty years beyond
This day, before she thought of matrimony;
She talks so like a simpleton.

ANDREA.

She does

Indeed: yet, father! it is very true:

The pin did prick me: she is not a simpleton

As far as memory goes.

[The Friar looks up, then walks about impatiently.]

Now, won't you mind me?

She is but very young, scarce seventeen;

When she is two years older, just my age,

Then shall you see her! more like me perhaps.

She might have waited . . you say well . . and would

Willingly, I do think; but I am wiser,

And warmer. Our Hungarian blood (ay, Frate !)
Is not squeez'd out of March anemones.

FILIPPA.

Since, friar Rupert ! here are met together
The lofty and the lowly, they and we,
If your austerity of life forbade
To mingle with the world's festivities,
Indulge, I pray you, in that luxury
Which suits all seasons, sets no day apart,
Excludes from its communion none, howe'er
Unworthy, but partakes of God indeed . .
Indulge in pardon.

FRA RUPERT.

Does a seneschal's
Wife bend before me ? Do the proud ones beg ?

FILIPPA.

Too proud I may be : even the very humblest
May be too proud. I am, 'tis true, the widow
Of him you mention. Do I beg ? I do.
Our queen commands me to remove ill-will.

FRA RUPERT.

There are commands above the queen's.

FILIPPA.

There are,
O holy man ! obey we both at once !

GIOVANNA, *calls* ANDREA.

Husband !

FRA RUPERT.

And not our king ? most noble lady !

GIOVANNA.

He, or I much mistake him, is my husband.

ANDREA. . .

Mistake me ! not a whit : I am, I am.

GIOVANNA.

If, O my husband ! that dear name has power
On your heart as on mine, now when first spoken,
Let what is love between us shed its sweets
A little wider, tho' a little fainter ;
Let all our friends this day, all yours, all mine,
Be one another's, and not this day only.
Persuade them.

ANDREA.

Can I ?

GIOVANNA.

You persuaded *me*.

ANDREA.

Ay, but you did not hate me ; and your head
Is neither grey nor tonsured ; these are odds.
I never could imagine well, how folks
Who disagree in other things, agree
To make each other angry. What a game !
To toss back burs until the skin is full
On either side ! Which wins the stake, I wonder ?

FRA RUPERT, *bursting away*.

I have no patience.

ANDREA.

I have, now he's gone.
How long were you contriving this grand scheme
To drive away the friar ? Do you think

[*Whispers to GIOVANNA.*

He won't come after supper ? Does he know
Our chamber ?

GIOVANNA.

Hush ! Andrea !

ANDREA.

In good earnest

I fear him, and the fleas about his frock.
 Let me go after him : he went in wrath :
 He may do mischief, if he thinks it right,
 As these religious people often do.

[ANDREA goes.]

FILIPPA.

Happy Andrea ! Only fleas and friars
 Molest him. Little he suspects the snares
 About his paths ; the bitter jealousies
 Of Hungary ; how pertinaciously
 Mail'd hands grasp sceptres, how reluctantly
 Loose them ; how tempting are our milder clime
 And gentler nation ! He deserves our pity.

GIOVANNA.

O ! more than pity. If our clime, our nation,
 Bland, constant, kind, congenial with each other,
 Were granted him, how much more was withheld !
 Sterile the soil is not ! hard ! hard ! 'tis waste.
 What buoyant spirits and what pliant temper !
 How patient of reproof ! how he wipes off
 All injuries before they harden on him,
 And wonders at affronts, and doubts they can be !
 Then, his wild quickness ! O the churl that bent it
 Into the earth, colourless, shapeless, thriftless,
 Fruitless, for ever ! Had he been my brother,
 I should have wept all my life over him ;
 But, being my husband, one hypocrisy
 I must put on, one only ever will I.
 Others must think, by my observance of him,
 I hold him prudent, penetrating, firm,
 No less than virtuous : I must place myself
 In my own house (now indeed his) below him.

FILIPPA.

I almost think you love him.

GIOVANNA.

He has few
Even small faults, which small minds spy the soonest ;
He has, what those will never see nor heed,
Wit of bright feather, but of broken wing ;
No stain of malice, none of spleen, about it.
For this, and more things nearer . . for the worst
Of orphanage, the cruellest of frauds,
Stealth of his education while he played
Nor fancied he could want it ; for our ties
Of kindred ; for our childhood spent together ;
For those dear faces that once smiled upon us
At the same hour, in the same balcony ;
Even for the plants we rear'd in partnership,
Or spoil'd in quarrel, I do love Andrea.
But, from his counsellors ! . . .

FILIPPA.

We shall elude
Their clumsy wiles perhaps. The youth, methinks,
Is tractable.

GIOVANNA.

May wise men guide him then !
It lies beyond my duty.

FILIPPA.

But the wise
Are not the men who guide the tractable.
The first bold hand that seizes, holds them fast ;
And the best natures melt into the bad
'Mid dances and carousals.

GIOVANNA.

Let Andrea
Be sparing of them !

FILIPPA.

Evil there may be

Where evil men preside, but greatly worse
Is proud austerity than princely glee.

GIOVANNA.

Heaven guard us ! I have entered on a course
Beleaguered with dense dangers : but that course
Was first ordained in earth, and now in heaven.
My father's spirit fill'd his father's breast,
And peace and union in our family,
They both foresaw, would be secured by ours.

FILIPPA.

She who forgets her parent will forego
All later duties : yes, when love has lost
The sound of its spring-head, it grows impure,
Tortuous, and spent at last in barren sand.
I owe these generous kings the bread I broke,
The letters I pickt up : no vile sea-weed
Had perisht more neglected, but for them.
They would heap affluence on me ; they did heap it ;
Next, honours : for these only I am ungrateful.

GIOVANNA, *smiling*.

Ungrateful ? thou ? Filippa !

FILIPPA.

Most ungrateful.
With humble birth and humbler intellect
The puff-ball might have bounced along the plain
And blinded the beholder with its dust :
But intellect let down on humble birth
Writhes under titles, shrinks from every glance,
At every question turns one fibre fresh
For torture, and, unpullied and adrift,
Burns its dull heart away in smouldering scorn.

GIOVANNA.

Where no etherial spirit fills the breast . .

FILIPPA.

. . Honours are joys great as such breast can hold.

GIOVANNA.

The happy then in courts are numberless;
We hear the contrary.

FILIPPA.

Never believe
This, nor another ill report of them.

GIOVANNA.

What?

FILIPPA.

That the great are not great to their valets;
'Tis but their valets who can find their greatness.

GIOVANNA.

I know that you have enemies.

FILIPPA.

Thank God!
I might have else forgotten what I am,
And what he gave me ere he placed me here.

GIOVANNA.

I never shall, Filippa!

FILIPPA.

Think of those
Who rais'd our souls above us, not of me.

GIOVANNA.

Oh! if my soul hath risen, if the throbs
Of gratitude now tell it me, if they
Who rais'd it must be thought of . . to my heart,
Filippa! for the heart alone can think.

FILIPPA.

I first received thee in these arms; these arms
Shall loose thee last of living things, Giovanna.

ACT II.

SCENE I. IN THE PALACE.

GIOVANNA, FIAMMETTA, MARIA.

MARIA.

And now, Fiammetta, tell me whence that name
Which tickles thee so.

FIAMMETTA.

Tell indeed ! not I.

MARIA, *to GIOVANNA.*

Sister ! you may command.

GIOVANNA.

Command a sister ?

Secrets are to be won, but not commanded.

I never heard the name before . . . *Fiammetta* . . .

Is that it ?

MARIA.

That is it.

FIAMMETTA.

For shame, Maria !

Never will I entrust you with a secret.

MARIA.

I do believe you like this one too well

Ever to let another mingle with it.

FIAMMETTA, *to herself.*

I do indeed, alas !

GIOVANNA.

Some gallant knight

Has carried off her scarf and bared her heart.
But to this change of name I must withhold
Assent, I like *Maria* so much better.

FIAMMETTA, *points to MARIA*.

There is *Maria* yet.

GIOVANNA.

But where twin-roses
Have grown so long together, to snap one
Might make the other droop.

FIAMMETTA.

Ha ! now, *Maria* !

Maria ! you are springed, my little quail !

GIOVANNA.

Fiammetta ! if our father were here with us,
He would suspect some poet friend of his,
Dealer in flames and darts, their only trade,
Enchanted his Sicilian.

MARIA.

Ho ! ho ! ho !

Proserpine never blusht such damask blushes
When *she* was caught.

FIAMMETTA.

I am quite cool.

MARIA.

The clouds
May be quite cool when they are quite as red ;
Girls' faces, I suspect, are somewhat less so.

[FIAMMETTA *runs off*.

GIOVANNA.

Maria ! dear *Maria* ! she is flown.
Is the poor girl in love then ?

MARIA.

Til this hour

I thought it but a fancy, such as all
We children have : we all choose one ; but, sure,
To run out of the room at the mere shadow !

GIOVANNA.

What would *you* do ?

MARIA.

Wait till he came himself.

GIOVANNA.

And then ?

MARIA.

Think seriously of running off,
Until I were persuaded it was civil.

SCENE II.

ANDREA.

What have ye done to little Sicily ?
She ran so swiftly by me, and pusht back
My hand so smartly when I would have stopt her,
I think you must have vext her plaguily
Amongst you.

MARIA.

She was vext, but not by us.

ANDREA.

Yes, many girls are vext to-day. One bride
Sheds fifty thorns from each white rose she wears.
I did not think of that. (*To MARIA.*) *You* did, no doubt ?

MARIA.

I wear white roses too, as well as she :
Our queen's can have no thorns for us.

ANDREA.

Not one ?

MARIA.

No, nor for any in this happy realm.

ANDREA.

Ah now ! this happy realm ! Some people think
That I could make it happier.

GIOVANNA.

I rejoice
To hear it.

ANDREA.

Are you glad, my little bride ?

GIOVANNA.

Most glad. O never disappoint their hopes !
The people are so kind ! they love us so !

ANDREA.

They are a merry race : ay, very crickets,
Chirruping, leaping. . . What they eat, God knows ;
Sunshine and cinders, may-be : he has sent
Plenty of these, and they are satisfied.

GIOVANNA.

Should *we* be, if they are ?

ANDREA.

O then ! a boon !
To make them happy all their lives.

GIOVANNA.

The boon
To make them happier Heaven alone can grant.
Hearken ! If some oppressions were removed,
Beyond my strength to manage, it were done.

ANDREA.

Nothing so easy. Not your strength indeed,
But mine, could push a buffalo away.
I have a little favour to request.

GIOVANNA.

Speak.

ANDREA.

Give me then this kingdom, only this.
I do not covet mountains to the north,
Nor cities over cities farther west,
Casal or Monferrato or Saluzzo,
Asti or Coni, Ceva or Torino,
Where that great river runs which spouts from heaven,
Nor Aix nor Toulon, nor Marseille nor Nice
Nor Avignon, where our good pope sits perch'd ;
I only want this tidy little kingdom,
To make it happy with this sword upon it.

GIOVANNA.

The people and their laws alone can give it.

ANDREA.

Well, we can make the laws.

GIOVANNA.

And people too ?

ANDREA.

Giovanna ! I do think that ~~we~~ could make
A thousand peoples from the dullest clay,
And mould them to thy will,

GIOVANNA.

Pure poetry !

ANDREA.

Don't say it ! or they knock me on the head !
I ought to be contented ; but they would
Insist upon it. I have ask'd here ends
My duty : I don't want it for myself . .
And yet those cities lookt like strings of bird-eggs,
And tempted me above my strength. I only

Repent of learning all their names for nothing.
Let them hang where they are.

GIOVANNA.

Well said.

ANDREA.

Who wants 'em?

I like these pictures better. What a store!
Songs, proverbs, and a word as hard as flint,
Enough for fifty friars to ruminate
Amid their cheese and cobnuts after dinner.
Read it me.

GIOVANNA.

Which?

[ANDREA points.

GIOVANNA.

Ecclesiastes.

ANDREA.

Right!

As you pronounce it, scarce a word of ours
In Hungary is softer. What a tongue!
Round, juicy, sweet, and soluble, as cherries.
When Frate Rupert utter'd the same word,
It sounded just as if his beard and breast,
And all which there inhabit, had turn'd round
Into his throat, to rasp and riddle it.
I never shall forget *Ecclesiastes*!
Only two words I know are pleasanter.

GIOVANNA.

And which are they?

ANDREA, saluting her.

Giovanna and Curina.

MARIA.

Unmanner'd prince!

ANDREA.

Now the white rose sheds thorns.

SCENE III.

SANCIA *and* FILIPPA.SANCIA, *smiling*.

Step-mothers are not always quite at home
With their queen-daughters.

GIOVANNA.

Yet queen-mothers are.
Step-mother you have never been to me,
But kindest, fondest, tenderest, truest mother.

MARIA.

Are we not all your children ?

SANCIA.

All: where then
Is fled our lively Sicily ?

GIOVANNA.

She is gone
To her own chamber.

MARIA.

To read poetry.

SANCIA.

Where poetry is only light or flattering,
She might read some things worse, and many better.
I never loved the heroes of Romance,
And hope they glide not in among the leaves.

MARIA.

And love you then their contraries ?

SANCIA.

Those better.
What clever speech, Maria, dost thou ponder ?
I see we differ.

MARIA.

Rather.

SANCIA.

Why so grave?
Surely no spur is tangled in *thy* hem !

MARIA.

No, my regrets were all for you. What pity
Andrea dropt upon our globe too late !
A puissant antipode to all such heroes !

GIOVANNA, *smiling*.

Intolerable girl ! sad jealous creature !

SANCIA.

Where is he ? I was seeking him.

MARIA.

There now !

SANCIA.

Or else I should not have return'd so soon
After our parting at the Benediction.

[*Goes.*]

MARIA.

Sister ! I fear my little flippancy
Hurried Queen Sancia : why just now want *sposo* ?

GIOVANNA.

She did not smile, as you do, when she went.
Fond as she is, her smiles are faint this morning.
A sorrowing thought, pure of all gloom, o'erspread
That saintly face.

MARIA.

It did indeed.

GIOVANNA.

She loves
Us all, she loves our people too, most kindly.

MARIA.

Seeing none other than Hungarian troops

At church about us, deeply did she sigh
And say "*Ah ! where are ours ?*"

GIOVANNA,

You pain me sadly.
Queens, O Maria ! have two hearts for sorrow ;
One sinks upon our Naples. Whensoever
I gaze ('tis often) on her bay, so bright
With sun-wove meshes, idle multitudes
Of little plashing waves ; when air breathes o'er it,
Mellow with sound and fragrance, of such purity
That the blue hills seem coming nearer, nearer,
As I look forth at them, and tossing down
Joyance for joyance to the plains below . .
To think what mannerless, unshorn, harsh-tongued
Barbarians from the Danube and the Drave
Infest them, I cast up my eyes to Heaven
Impatiently, despondently, and ask
Are such the guests for such festivities ?
But shall they dare enthrall my poor Andrea ?
Send, send for him : I would not he were harm'd,
Much less degraded. O for ministers
To guide my counsels and protect my people !
I would call round me all the good and wise.

FILLIPPA.

Daughter ! no palace is too small to hold them.
The good love other places, love the fields,
And ripen the pale harvest with their prayers.
Solitude, solitude, so dread a curse
To princes, such a blight to sycophants,
Is *their* own home, their healthy thoughts grow in it.
The wise avoid all our anxieties :
The cunning, with the tickets of the wise,

Push for the banquet, seize each vacant chair,
Gorge, pat their spaniel, and fall fast asleep.

GIOVANNA.

Ah then what vigils are reserved for me !

MARIA.

Hark ! spears are grounded.

GIOVANNA.

Officer ! who comes ?

OFFICER.

Lady ! the friar mounts the stairs ; behind him
Those potent lords, Caraffa and Caraccioli.

GIOVANNA.

Your chair, Queen Sancia, stands unoccupied :
We must be seated to receive the lords.
Is it not so ?

SANCIA.

The queen must.

GIOVANNA.

One queen only ?
The younger first ? we cannot thus reverse
The laws of nature for the whims of court.

[SANCIA is seated.

There's our kind mother ! Just in time ! They come.

SCENE IV.

FRA RUPERT, CARAFFA, and CARACCIOLI.

Lady ! these nobles bring me with them hither,
Fearing they might not win an audience
On what concerns the welfare of the state,
In such an hour of such a day as this.

GIOVANNA.

Speak, gentlemen! You have much wronged yourselves,
 And me a little, by such hesitation.
 No day, methinks, no hour, is half so proper,
 As when the crown is placed upon my brow,
 To hear what are its duties.

CARAFFA.

Gracious queen!
 We come to represent . .

FRA RUPERT, *behind*.

Speak out . . wrongs . . rights . .
 Religion.

CARAFFA, *to him*.

You distract me.

FRA RUPERT, *to CARACCIOLI*.

Speak then thou.
 See how attentively, how timidly,
 She waits for you, and blushes up your void!

CARACCIOLI.

'Tis therefore I want words.

FRA RUPERT.

Hear mine then, boys! [*Walks toward GIOVANNA.*]
 Imprest with awe before such majesty,
 The hopes of Naples, whom their fathers deem
 On this occasion, this gay hour, from high
 Nobility, from splendour of equipments,
 Beauty of person, gracefulness of mien,
 And whatsoever courts are courtly by,
 Most fitted, and most likely to prevail
 Against those ancient frauds and artifices
 Which certain dark offenders weave about them . .
 These unsophisticated youths, foredoom'd

Longest and most impatiently to suffer,
Lay humbly at the footstool of your throne
A list of grievances yet unredrest.

GIOVANNA.

Give it me, gentlemen, we will peruse it
Together.

FRA RUPERT.

They are more than scribe could pen.

GIOVANNA, *to* FRA RUPERT.

Are they of native or imported growth ?
Your Reverence hath some practice in the sorting.
Permit me to fill up your pause, Fra Rupert !
On this occasion, this gay hour, methinks
To urge impatience and foredoom of suffering
Is quite untimely. High nobility
And splendour of equipment are the last
Of merits in Caraffas and Caracciolis. [*To them.*
The delicacy that deferr'd the tender
Of your important service, I appreciate,
Venturing to augur but a brief delay.
Gentlemen ! if your fathers bade you hither,
I grieve to owe them more than I owe you,
And trust, when next we see you, half the pleasure,
Half, if not all, may be your own free gift.

[*She rises, they go.*

SCENE V. PALACE GARDEN.

FRA RUPERT, CARAFFA, *and* CARACCIOLI.

FRA RUPERT.

The losel !

CARACCIOLI.

Saints ! what graciousness !

CARAFFA.

Was ever
So sweet a girl? He's uglier than old Satan,
Andrea . . I abhor him worse than ever. . .
Curse on that Tartar, Turk, Bohemian,
Hungarian! I could now half-strangle him.

FRA RUPERT.

We are dismiss.

CARAFFA.

My speech might have done wonders.

FRA RUPERT.

Now, who (the mischief!) stops a dead man's blood?
Wonders! ay truly, wonders it had done!
Thou wert agape as money-box for mass,
And wanted'st shaking more. What are our gains?

CARAFFA.

A vision the strain'd eyes can not inclose,
Or bring again before them from the senses,
Which clasp it, hang upon it, nor will ever
Release it, following thro' eternity.

CARACCIOLI.

I can retain her image, hear her words,
Repeat, and tone them on each fibre here,
Distinctly still.

CARAFFA.

Then hast thou neither heart
Nor brain, Caraccioli! No strife so hard
As to catch one slight sound, one faintest trace,
Of the high beauty that rules over us.
Who ever seized the harmony of heaven,
Or saw the confine that is nearest earth?

FRA RUPERT.

I can bear youthful follies, but must check

The words that run thus wide and point at heaven.
We must warn laymen fairly off that ground.
Are ye both mad?

CARAFFA.

One is ; I swear to one :
I would not be the man that is not so
For empires girt with gold, worlds starr'd with women.
A trance is that man's life, a dream be mine !
Caraccioli 's an ice-pit, covered o'er
With straw and chaff and double-door'd and thatch'd,
And wall'd, the whole dark space, with earthen wall.
Why ! Frate ! all those groans of thine for heaven ?
Art toucht ?

FRA RUPERT.

I have been praying fervently . .
Despairingly I fear to say . . 'twere rash,
Ungrateful, and ungodly.

CARAFFA.

He has brought
The whole Marenmma on me at one breath.
My cold fit now comes over me. But, Frate !
If we do feel, may we not say we do ?

FRA RUPERT.

To feel is harm ; to say it, may be none,
Unless 'tis said with levity like thine.

CARAFFA.

Ah faith ! I wish 'twere levity ! The pagan
That heaves up Etna, calls it very differently :
I think the dog is better off than I am :
He groans upon the bed where lies his torment,
I very far away from where lies mine.

FRA RUPERT.

Art thou a Christian ?

CARAFFA.

Father ! don't be serious.

FRA RUPERT.

I must be.

CARAFFA.

Have not I most cause ?

FRA RUPERT.

Yea truly.

CARAFFA.

I am not over-given to complain,
But nettles will sting all . .

FRA RUPERT.

. . who put their hands in.

Caraccioli ! be warn'd by this our friend
What sufferings may arise from lawless love.
Thine passeth its due bounds ; it doth, Caraccioli !
But thou canst conquer every wild desire ;
A high emprise ! what high emprise but suits
A true Caraccioli ! We meet again . .
I have some warnings, some reproofs, for him.

[CARACCIOLI goes.]

SCENE VI.

FRA RUPERT, CARAFFA.

FRA RUPERT.

Where walls are living things, have ears, eyes, mouths,
Deemest thou, son Francisco ! I alone
Heard those most violent words about Andrea ?

CARAFFA.

What words ? I never thought about the man . .
About his wife some little . . true enough.

Some little? criminal it were to say it:
He who thinks little of such . . . such perfection,
Has left his thoughts among the worms that creep
In charnel-houses, among brainless skulls,
Dry bones, without a speck of blood, a thread
Of fibre, ribs that never cased a heart.
The volumes of the doctors of the church
Could not contain a tithe of it: their clasps,
Strong enough to make chains for Saracens,
Their timbers to build argosies, would warp
And split, if my soul's fire were pent within.

FRA RUPERT.

Remember, son Francesco! prince Andrea,
King rather (such the husband of a queen
Is virtually, and should be) king Andrea
Lives under my protection.

CARAFFA.

Well, what then?

FRA RUPERT.

What? Into mine own ear didst thou not breathe
Traitorous threats?

CARAFFA.

I? Threats? About his queen?

FRA RUPERT.

Filthy! most filthy!

CARAFFA.

No, no: wandering thoughts
Fluttered in that direction; one thought, rather.
Doves have hot livers.

FRA RUPERT.

Be adultery
Bad as it will, yet treason, son Francesco!
Treason is far more difficult to deal with.

D

CARAFFA.

I do suspect it may be.

FRA RUPERT.

Saidst thou not

Thou couldst half-strangle that Hungarian ?

CARAFFA.

Spake I so rashly ?

FRA RUPERT.

I am a Hungarian.

CARAFFA.

Evident : but that noble mien would daunt

Moor, Usbeck, Abyssinian : and that strength !

A Switzer bear could not half-strangle it.

FRA RUPERT.

'Twere martyrdom, 'twere martyrdom. The life
Of kings hath swords and scaffolds round about it ;
A word might fling thee on them.

CARAFFA.

Such a word

Must fall from holy lips, thenceforth unholy.

FRA RUPERT.

Guided by me and courage, thou art safe.

ACT III.

SCENE I. IN THE PALACE.

ANDREA *and* FILIPPA.

ANDREA.

Many the stories you've repeated to me,
Lady Filippa! I have clean forgotten 'em ;
But all the bloody giants every girl
Before our bed-time threw into my night-cap,
Lie safe and sound there stil.

FILIPPA.

I quite believe
You've not the heart to drive them out, my prince.

ANDREA.

Not I indeed. And then your sage advice !

FILIPPA.

Is all that too forgotten ?

ANDREA.

No, not all ;
But, dear Filippa, now that I am married,
And sovran (one may say) or next door to it,
You must not give me any more advice . .
Not that I mind it ; but to save appearances.

[She bends : he goes, but returns suddenly.]

Lady Filippa ! lady seneschal !

FILIPPA.

My prince, command me.

ANDREA.

Solve me one more question.

D 2

How happens it (while old men are so wise)
That any foolish thing, advice or story,
We call it an old woman's?

FILIPPA.

Prince Andrea !
I know not as for stories and advice ;
I only know, when *we* are disappointed
In any thing, or teased with it, we scoff
And call it an old man's.

ANDREA.

Ah spiteful sex !

FILIPPA.

Here comes Maria : ask her no such questions.

ANDREA.

I wish Fra Rupert heard your words.

FILIPPA.

To prove them ?

MARIA.

Give him a nosegay at the door.

ANDREA.

He spurns
Such luxury.

MARIA.

Since his arrival here,
Perfumes, they tell me, are more general
And tenfold dearer. Everybody wears them
In self-defence : men take them with their daggers ;
Laundresses sprinkle them on vilest linen,
Lest they be called uncleanly ; round the churches
What once were clouds of incense, now are canopies
Of the same benzoin ; kites could not fly thro' ;
The fainting penitents are prone to catch
At the priest's surplice as he passes by,

And cry, above their prayers to Heaven for mercy,
Stop ! stop ! turn back ! waft me a little yet.

ANDREA.

The father is indeed more fox than civet,
And stinks out sins like sulphur and stale eggs.
[To MARIA.] You will not run away with him ?

MARIA.

Tarantola !
Worse than most venomous tarantola,
He bites, and will not let us dance for it.

SCENE II. IN THE GARDENS OF CAPO DI MONTE.

BOCCACCIO *and* FIAMMETTA.

FIAMMETTA.

I do not know whether it be quite right
To listen, as I have, day after day
And evening after evening.

BOCCACCIO.

Are my sighs
Less welcome in the garden and the bower,
Than where loud organ bellow'd them away,
And chorister and waxlight ran between ?

FIAMMETTA.

You sadly interrupted me at vespers :
Never do that again, sir ! When I pray
I like to pray with all my heart. Bold man !
Do you dare smile at me ?

BOCCACCIO.

The bold man first
Was smiled at ; was he not ?

FIAMMETTA.

No, no such thing :
But if he was, it was because he sigh'd
At the hot weather he had brought with him.

BOCCACCIO.

At the cold weather he fear'd coming on
He sighed.

FIAMMETTA.

And did it come ?

BOCCACCIO.

Too gracious lady !

FIAMMETTA.

Keep *gracious lady* for dull drawing-rooms ;
Fiammetta is my name ; I would know yours.

BOCCACCIO.

Giovanni.

FIAMMETTA.

That I know (*aside*). I ought, alas !
Often with Acciaiuoli and Petrarca
I've seen you walking, but have never dared
To ask your name from them ; your house's name
I mean, of course ; our own names stand for nothing.
You must be somebody of high estate.

BOCCACCIO.

I am not noble.

FIAMMETTA, *shrinking back*.

Oh ! . . then ! . .

BOCCACCIO.

I must go !

That is the sentence, is it not ?

FIAMMETTA, *runs and takes his hand*.

Don't tell me

Thou art not noble : say thou art most noble :
Norman . . half-Norman . . quarter-Norman . . say it.

BOCCACCIO.

Say an untruth ?

FIAMMETTA.

Only this one ; my heart
Will faint without it. I will swear to think it
A truth, wilt thou but say it. 'Tis a truth :
Thy only falsehood thou hast told already,
Merely to try me. If thou art not noble . .
Noble thou art, and shalt be !

[She sobs and pauses : he presses her hand to his bosom.]

Who gainsays it ?

BOCCACCIO.

A merchant's son, no better, is thy slave,
Fiammetta !

FIAMMETTA, *smiling.*

Now art thou disguised indeed.
Come, show me specimens of turquises,
Amethysts, emeralds, diamonds . . out with 'em.

BOCCACCIO.

A merchant's, and poor merchant's, son am I ;
Gems I have none to offer, but pure love
Proof to the touchstone, to the crucible.

FIAMMETTA.

What then or who is noble, and thou not ?
I have heard whispers that myself am not so
Who am king Robert's daughter. We may laugh
At those who are, if thou and I are none.

'Thou art my knight, Giovanni ! There now ; take

[Giving him her scarf.]

Thy patent of nobility, and wear it.

BOCCACCIO, *kisses it.*

What other but were cobweb after this ?

FIAMMETTA.

Ha ! kiss it ! but take care you don't kiss me. [*Runs away.*]

SCENE III. IN THE PALACE.

SANCIA and FILIPPA.

SANCIA.

Even you, my dear Filippa, are alert
As any of the girls, and giddy too :
You have dropt something now you cannot find

FILIPPA.

I have been busy, looking here and there
To find Andrea.

SANCIA.

Leave him with his bride,
Until they tire of saying tender things.

FILIPPA.

Untender things, I fear, are going on.
He has been truant to the friar Rupert
Of late, who threatens him with penances
For leaving some injunction unperform'd.
And more perhaps than penances are near :
For sundry captains, sundry nobles, meet
At friar Anselm's cell ; thither had sped
Fra Rupert. In the garden of Saint Clara
Voices were heard, and threats ; then whispers ran
Along the walls. They walkt out, one by one,
Soldiers with shuffling pace unsoldierly,

Friars with folded hands, invoking heaven,
And hotly calm as night ere burst Vesuvius.

SANCIA.

Beyond the slight affronts all princes bear
From those who miss what others have obtain'd,
Andrea shall fear nothing. Heaven protects him.

FILIPPA.

Heaven, in its equal dispensation, gives
The pious palms, the prudent length of days.
We seek him not then with the same intent
Of warning?

SANCIA.

With the same of warning; you,
Where the good angels guard; I, where the bad
Seduce him. Having reign'd, and having heard
That thither tend his wishes . .

FILIPPA.

Momentary.

SANCIA.

But lawless wishes have returning wings
Of speed more than angelic. I would win
His private ear, lest courtiers take possession;
I would persuade him, with his lovely bride
To share all other troubles than the crown's.

SCENE IV. IN THE PALACE.

ANDREA and MARIA.

ANDREA.

Are we then going up to Capo-Monte?
How long shall we remain there? all the night?

MARIA.

Until the evening.

ANDREA.

And where then?

MARIA.

Aversa.

ANDREA.

Ay, because there I askt her if she loved me :
Besides . . the strangest thing on earth . . young brides
Fly from the altar and roost anywhere
Rather than near it. What should frighten them?
But, if we go, why not set off directly?

MARIA.

We stay because the people round the gates,
Who left too late their farms and villages
To see our queen and you, expect at noon
To follow the procession . .

ANDREA.

What procession?
Is there another marriage? O rare sport!

MARIA, *continuing*.

From Castel-Nuovo far as Capo-Monte.

ANDREA.

O glorious! But we really shall be let
Into the gardens and the groves?

MARIA.

Why not?
Who should prevent us?

ANDREA.

Into all? Among
The marble men and women who stand there,
And only stir by moonlight? I don't think
They stir at all: I am half-sure they don't.

MARIA.

I have been always of the same opinion.

ANDREA, *shakes his head.*

Although he said it who says mass, I doubt it.

MARIA.

Ah ! but to doubt is not to be half-sure :
The worst end may stick fast, like broken tooth.

ANDREA.

Now if you laugh, you make an unbeliever.
You girls are . .

MARIA.

Pray what are we ?

ANDREA.

Cunninger.
Fra Rupert told me he would break their bones.

MARIA.

Did he ?

ANDREA.

As bad. He'd tumble them down headlong,
If ever he once caught me looking up
Again at those who stood alert for swimming.

MARIA.

When ?

ANDREA.

Four years back. To me they seem'd pure marble,
But Frate Rupert never could have spited
Mere marble so, altho' they lookt like women.
I scarcely would believe him when he said
They once were devils, but could do no harm
(Now the salt water had been sprinkled on 'em)
Unless we look at them as worshippers.

MARIA.

I am sure you did not.

ANDREA.

No ; upon my faith !

MARIA.

We never stand about them ; we walk on.

ANDREA, *in a low voice.*

What! when you are but one or two together?
I like their looks: the women are quite lovely,
And the men too (for devils) not amiss.
I wonder where they laid their plaguy scourges;
They must have had them, or were never worshipt.

MARIA.

Did not the Frate tell you?

ANDREA.

Ask the Frate!
He would have found them in a trice, and held
The scourges good enough, tho' not the devils.

MARIA.

I think you mind him less than formerly.

ANDREA.

I am a married man.

MARIA.

But married men
Fear priests and friars more than single ones

ANDREA.

He is the holiest monk upon God's earth,
And hates you women most.

MARIA.

Then the least holy.

ANDREA.

Dost think it? If I thought him so, I'd fear
The beast no longer, broad as are his shoulders,
His breath . . pho! . . like a water-snake's, his fist
Heavy as those big books in chapter-houses,
And hairy as the comet; for they say
'Twas hairy; tho' I saw no hairs upon it.

MARIA.

Whenever love comes upon *thee*, Andrea,
Art thou not kinder?

ANDREA.

Kinder, but not holier.

MARIA.

Is not thy heart more grateful ?

ANDREA.

As may happen ;
A little thing would make it so.

MARIA.

And, tell me,
Art thou not readier to give alms ?

ANDREA.

Tell *me*
How long, Maria, those bright eyes have seen
Into my thoughts ? Fra Rupert knows not half one
Unless he question for an hour or better
And stamp and threaten, nor then more than half one.
I'll never fear him now : I'll tell him so.

MARIA.

Be not too hasty : tell him no such thing.
But fear him not ; fear rather those about him.

[FRA RUPERT *is seen prying.*

ANDREA.

Whom ?

MARIA.

His Hungarians.

ANDREA.

They're my countrymen.

MARIA.

Should they make all us dread them ?

ANDREA.

Me ?

MARIA.

Even you,

Under Fra Rupert, like the best, or worst.
Should they possess our kingdom ?

ANDREA.

My wife's kingdom ?
No, by the Saints ! they shall not touch her kingdom.

FRA RUPERT, *crossing the farther part of the stage.*
They shall not touch her kingdom ! . . and shalt thou ?

ANDREA.

I heard a voice.

MARIA, *laughing.*

No doubt, no doubt, the Frate's.

ANDREA.

I hear and feel him farther off than thou dost.

MARIA.

Andrea ! were thy ears as quick to hear
Thy friends as enemies !

ANDREA.

Stil would that eye
Glare over me, like the great open one
Above the throne at church, of gold and azure,
With neither brows nor lashes, but black clouds
Round it, and nought beside.

MARIA.

The three eyes match,
May be ; but is there anything in church
So like his voice ?

ANDREA.

The organ-bellows are,
Without the keys. That was not much unlike it . .
A little softer . . and not too soft, neither.

MARIA.

I heard no voice whatever, not a sound.
Are you stil half-afraid ?

ANDREA.

No, if thou art not.

MARIA.

Are you convinced ?

ANDREA.

I was not very soon.
Men weigh things longer than you women do.
Maria ! take my word, I am quite sated
Of fearing, tho' (thank God !) the worst is past.

MARIA.

I praise this manliness, this resolution.

ANDREA.

Dost thou ? Already am I grown more manly,
More resolute. O ! had your praise come earlier,
And heartily as now, another man
In thought and action might have been Andrea !
But will you tell Giovanna what you think ?

MARIA.

I will indeed, and joyfully.

ANDREA.

Her praise
Is better stil : your's screws the spur on heel,
Hers scarfs the neck, and lifts the lance to hand.
What's all this tinkling ?

[Guitars in the next chamber ; the door open.

MARIA, *smiling*.

O ! again Fra Rupert !
One of these voices surely must be his !
Which of them ? cannot you distinguish it ?

ANDREA, *calls out*.

Who sings there ?

MARIA.

Do not stop them : let us hear.

PETRONILLA.

Ah ! do not go ! ah do not go
Among the silly and the idle !
A lover surely should not so
From her who loves him slip and sidle.

GARISENDO.

The *saltarella** waits for me,
And I must go and I must play . .
Come ! do not dance, but hear and see,
To-morrow we will love all day.

ANDREA.

Now she is reasonable, he might spare her
A handful of his ribbons, or that net
Silver and blue there dangling down his nape.
Who is he ? I don't know him.

MARIA.

Garisendo.

ANDREA.

And t'other ?

MARIA.

Petronilla.

ANDREA.

Nor her neither.

MARIA.

I and Giovanna know here every face.

ANDREA.

And every name ?

MARIA.

Every one.

ANDREA.

Clever creatures !

* The favorite Neapolitan dance.

MARIA.

By all those twitchings at the two guitars,
And tappings of fore-finger on the wrist,
They seem to be at fault.

ANDREA.

No harm, no matter,
Zooks ! they are up again ; he first . . . that's odd.

MARIA.

Nay, but he only tells her what to sing.

PETRONILLA.

There is a lad upon the sea,
There is, O Mary ! such a lad !
And all he thinks of, it is me.

GARISENDO.

Why then, my jewel ! he is mad.

PETRONILLA.

Mad ! he is no more mad than you.

GARISENDO.

Unless he stamps, and stares, and cries,
As certain pretty creatures do,
And stain their cheeks and spoil their eyes.

PETRONILLA.

I love, I love him with my whole . . . [Sobbing.]

GARISENDO..

Go on, go on : you mean to say
(I'd lay a wager) heart and soul,
And very well, no doubt, you may.

PETRONILLA.

No, I may not, you cruel man !
He never did what you have done,
Yet, say and do the worst you can,
I love, I love, but you alone.

MARIA.

He has not much offended.

ANDREA.

Who can tell ?

E

I am quite sorry they have fallen out.
What almanack can calculate fine weather
In those strange fickle regions where God plants
A man and woman, and sticks love between !

MARIA.

All the man's fault.

ANDREA.

All hers. She went and teased him :
With my own eyes I saw it ; so might you.

MARIA.

You do not always look so melancholy
At music ; yet what music can be gayer
Than this is ?

ANDREA.

Gayer, say you ? Ay, the music.
But if folks quarrel so in joke, what will they
In earnest ? If, before they're man and wife . .
Ah ! Heaven be praised ! there's time to break it off.
Look, look at them !

MARIA.

She seems more reconciled.

ANDREA.

Reconciled ! I should say . .

MARIA.

Pray, don't say anything.

ANDREA.

Ready for . . By my troth ! 'twas a salute !

MARIA.

Now what things run into your head, Andrea !

ANDREA.

It was as like as pea to pea, if not . .
However, let them know, another time
They must not sing about the house, in that way.

MARIA.

Why not ?

ANDREA.

Giovanna might not like it now.

MARIA.

So ! you would do then all she likes ?

ANDREA.

I would :

But if she ever hears that wicked song,
She might not do all *I* like. Sweet Maria !
Persuade them, when you see them, to forget it ;
And, when you go to bed, turn on your pillow,
First drop it from one ear, then from the other,
And never pick it up again, God love you !

MARIA.

I'll run to them directly with your wishes.

ANDREA.

Stay : the last verse is clever ; pick out that.

MARIA.

And nothing more ?

ANDREA, *anxiously*.

Don't overload your memory.

SCENE V.—FRA RUPERT'S CELL

ANDREA and FRA RUPERT.

FRA RUPERT.

What ! am I never to be left alone,
Andrea ? Let me have my pleasures too,
Such as they are.

ANDREA.

They're very much like mine.
Have we not prayed and scourged and wept together ?

FRA RUPERT.

Ah ! were that now the case !

ANDREA.

Well, father, well !

I would not stand between you and your duty :

But I thought, being prince . .

FRA RUPERT, *sneering*.

Thou, being prince,

Thoughtest ! Thou verily not only toppest

Thyself, but most among thy fellows, lad !

And so, Andrea ! being prince, thou thoughtest ?

ANDREA.

Good-bye ! thou art as brave and blithe as ever.

[*Goes, but turns back.*]

I had one little thing upon my conscience.

FRA RUPERT.

I am quite ready : let me know the whole :

Since yesterday ? Nod ! wink ! to me !

ANDREA *to himself*.

He chafes me.

FRA RUPERT.

And throw your head back thus ?

ANDREA.

My head's my own.

FRA RUPERT.

Wonderful ! Be not over-sure of that.

[*Aside.*]

If thou art contrite, go !

ANDREA.

I will not go ;

I am not contrite.

FRA RUPERT.

I am in a maze !

ANDREA.

A scrape thou'rt in.

FRA RUPERT.

A scrape! Who could betray me? [To himself.

ANDREA.

Thou'st lost thy lamb, old shepherd! no great pet.

FRA RUPERT, *recovering himself.*

No, nor great loss: when lambs, tho', lose their shepherd
They find the shambles nearer than the fold.

ANDREA.

Father! you said you must confer with me
Another time?

FRA RUPERT.

I did so.

ANDREA.

Why not now?

FRA RUPERT.

I see not why: but soon Caraccioli,
And first Caraffa, must unbosom here.
Thou hast much power, Andrea! thou canst do
Anything now to glorify thy country.

ANDREA.

Suppose I wish to swim to Ischia;
Could I?

FRA RUPERT.

Thou hast not wind enough for that.
Am I to be evaded, taunted, posed?
Or thinkest thou, Andrea, that because
A silly girl espouses thee . .

ANDREA.

By Peter!

She who espouses me shall ne'er be call'd

A silly girl. I am a husband, Frate!
I am a boy no longer : I can cope
With women : and shall men then, even tho' friars,
Pretend to more ? . . I will go back and call
The maidens : they shall pelt you from the palace,
If ever you set foot within its walls.

FRA RUPERT.

Should every stone from maiden hit my nose,
A grain of dust would hurt it tenfold more.

ANDREA.

Know, they have tongues that yours could never meet.

FRA RUPERT.

Andrea ! wouldst thou kill me with unkindness ?

ANDREA.

Gad ! he sheds tears ! . . Now at him ! . . Yes, I would.

FRA RUPERT.

And bring down these grey hairs . .

ANDREA.

Which hairs are they ?
The skull's are shaven, and the beard's are dirty :
They may be grey though.

FRA RUPERT.

Shame upon thy mirth !
I am a poor old man.

ANDREA.

'Tis your vocation.
Beside, I have heard say that poverty
Is the best bargain for the best place yonder
In Paradise. All prick their feet before
They clamber upward into that inclosure.
'Tis well worth while.

FRA RUPERT.

Age too (alas how heavy !)
To serve my loving ward, my prince's son,
I would support stil longer, willingly.

ANDREA.

Frate ! 'tis more than I can say for it.

[RUPERT *creeps supplicatingly toward him.*

Out of my sight ! crawl back again . . I loathe thee.

SCENE VI.FRA RUPERT *alone.*

I have no malice in me : if I know
My secret heart, no heart so pure of malice :
But all my cares and vigils, hopes and dreams,
Blown by a boy, spurn'd by a brute, away !
So ends it ? Blessed Stephen ! not so ends it.
It ends with him, and with him only : me
No sword can touch. Why are not come those fools ?
I thought the other would have kept them off.
I will have power without him, and not thro' him.
They must have clean forgotten. 'Tis the hour . .
'Tis past it . . no, not past it . . just the hour ;
The bell now strikes for noon.

[*A knocking.*

One comes at last.

[*Opens the door : CARAFFA enters.*

FRA RUPERT.

Exactly to the moment.

CARAFFA.

I was walking

About the cloister till I heard the bell,
For Father Rupert's hours are golden ones.

FRA RUPERT.

May my friends spend them profitably for me !
Caraffa ! thine are number'd.

CARAFFA.

All men's are.

FRA RUPERT.

But some are not notch't off like schoolboys' days,
Anxious to see his parent. Thou may'st see
Thy parent too.

CARAFFA.

I left him but just now.

FRA RUPERT.

We all have one, one whom we all have left
Too often. Hast thou not some sins for me ?

CARAFFA.

As many as a man could wish to have.

FRA RUPERT.

Are there none dangerous ? none involving life ?
Hast thou forgotten our last conference ?

CARAFFA.

No, nor shall ever. But what danger there ?

FRA RUPERT,

Need I to say, Francesco, that no breath
Transpired from me ? We both were overheard.

CARAFFA.

I think you hinted it.

FRA RUPERT.

I fear'd it only.
Thou knowest my fond love . . I will not say

For thee . . thou art but second in my breast . .
Poor, poor Andrea !

CARAFFA.

Never fear about him.
Giovanna, even tho' she did not love,
(O that she did not !) yet would never wrong him.

FRA RUPERT.

Nay, God forbid she should ! 'Twas not for me
To mark her looks, her blushes, gestures, . . how
Faltered the word *Caraffa* as she spoke it.
Thy father then said nothing ?

CARAFFA.

Not a word ;
What should he ?

FRA RUPERT.

Not a word. Old men are close :
And yet I doubted . . I am apt to doubt . .
Whether he might not . . for ambition stirs
Most fathers . . just let slip . . Why didst thou falter ?
For never faltered child as thou didst falter.
Thou knowest then her mind better than we ?

CARAFFA.

I know it ? I divine it ? Would I did !

FRA RUPERT.

Nay, rather let the bubble float along
Than break it : the rich colours are outside.
Everything in this world is but a bubble,
The world itself one mighty bubble, we
Mortals, small bubbles round it !

CARAFFA.

Frate ! Frate !
Thou art a soapy one ! No catching thee ! [aside.
[Aloud.] What hopes thou showest me ! If these were solid

As thou, most glorious bubble who reflect'st them,
Then, then indeed, to me from this time forth
The world, and all within the world, were bubbles.

FRA RUPERT.

A knight art thou, Caraffa ! and no title
(Secular title, mind ! secular title)
Save only royalty, surpasses knighthood.
There is no condescension in a queen
Placing her foot within the palm of knight,
And springing from it on her jewel'd saddle :
No condescension is there if she lend
To theirs the sceptre who lent hers the sword.
Knights there have been, and are, where kings are not,
Kings without knights what are they ?

CARAFFA.

Norman blood
Runs in my veins as in her own : no king
(Savage or tame) shall stand above those knights
Who raised his better to the throne he won :
Of such am I. But what am I before
Giovanna ! to adore, to worship her,
Is glory far above the chiseling
Of uncouth kings, or dashing them to earth :
O be it mine !

FRA RUPERT.

Perhaps some other Norman
May bear less tamely the new yoke ; perhaps
A Filangieri may, this very night . .

CARAFFA.

No Filangieri ever stoop't to treachery,
No sword of Norman ever struck by night.
Credulous monk ! to me name Filangieri !
Quellers of France and England as we are,

And jealous of precedence, no name
(Offence to none) is higher than Filangieri.

FRA RUPERT.

Boaster !

CARAFFA.

I boast of others ; few do that
Who merit such a title.

FRA RUPERT.

Lower thy crest ;
Pause ! thou art in my hands.

CARAFFA.

I am in God's.

FRA RUPERT, *mildly, after hesitation.*

Who knows but God hath chosen thee, amid
His ministers of wrath, to save thy country
And push oppression from her ! Dreams and signs
Miraculous have haunted me.

CARAFFA.

Thee, Frate !

FRA RUPERT.

Me, even me. My ministry is over :
Marriage ends pupilage, and royalty
Ends friendship. Little is it short of treason
To say that kings have friends.

CARAFFA.

How short of treason
I know not, but I know how wide of truth.

FRA RUPERT.

Listen ! There are designs against the life
Of young Andrea.

CARAFFA.

By the saints above !
I hope there are not.

FRA RUPERT.

If thy name be found
Among conspirators (and those are call'd
Conspirators who vindicate their country)
Where thy sword is, there must thy safety be.
The night for vengeance is the marriage-night.

CARAFFA.

*I draw the sword without defiance first ?
I draw the sword uninjured ? Whom against ?
Against a life so young ! so innocent
Of any guile ! a bridegroom ! in his bed !
O ! is this horror only at the crime ?
Or is it . . No, by Heaven ! 'tis Heaven's own horror
At such unmanly deed. I, Frate ! I,
Caraffa, stain with tears Giovanna's cheek !
I sprinkle poison on the flowers she smells !*

FRA RUPERT, *resolutely*.

Hark ye, Caraffa ! If the public good . .

CARAFFA.

Away with public good ! Was never book
Put in my hand ? was never story told me ?
Show me one villain vile beyond the rest,
Did not that villain talk of public good ?

FRA RUPERT.

Only at friars are Caraffa's stabs.
Valiant and proud and wealthy as thou art,
Thou may'st have nothing left on earth to-morrow.

CARAFFA.

I shall have more to-morrow than to-day.
My honour may shoot up all in one night,
As did some tree we read of.

FRA RUPERT.

Thou art rash.

CARAFFA.

Rashness may mellow into courage ; time
Is left me.

FRA RUPERT.

For thy prayers.

CARAFFA.

My prayer then is,
Peace, safety, glory, joy, to our Giovanna !

FRA RUPERT.

Thou may'st depart.

CARAFFA, *indignantly*.

For ever.

[*Goes.*

FRA RUPERT.

He says well.

CARACCIOLI *enters*.FRA RUPERT, *smiling and embracing him*.

Caraccioli ! without our friend Caraffa !

CARACCIOLI.

He should have been here first.

FRA RUPERT, *aside*.

Perfectly safe !

I did not follow him into the cloister.

CARACCIOLI.

Father ! you seem as pondering to yourself
How that wild fellow kept his word so ill ;
Caraffa-like !

FRA RUPERT.

I keep mine well with him.

CARACCIOLI.

He should have thought of that.

FRA RUPERT.

He had no time.

CARACCIOLI.

Always so kind ! so ready with your plea
For little imperfections ! Our Francesco,
Somewhat hot-headed, is warm-hearted too.

FRA RUPERT.

His petty jealousy about the queen
(Were there no sin behind it) we might smile at.
Caraffa stands not with Caraccioli.

CARACCIOLI.

On the same level . . there particularly.

FRA RUPERT.

Ho ! ho ! you laugh and jeer about each other ?

CARACCIOLI.

We might. How she would laugh at two such minnies !

FRA RUPERT.

At one, most certainly. But laughing girls
Often like grave men best. There's something grand,
As well as grave, even in the sound "Caraccioli."

CARACCIOLI.

I have no hopes.

FRA RUPERT.

How I rejoice to hear it !
Hopes are but wishes, wishes are but sin,
And, fed with ranker exhalations, poison.

CARACCIOLI.

The subtlest consumes me.

FRA RUPERT.

What ?

CARACCIOLI.

Despair.

FRA RUPERT.

Violets and primroses lie under thorns
Often as asps and adders; and we find
The unexpected often as the expected,
The pleasant as the hideous.

CARACCIOLI.

That may be,
But what avails your lesson? whither tends it?

FRA RUPERT.

My son! I hear from those who know the world
And sweep its noisome litter to my cell,
There are mild days when love calls love abroad
As birds call birds, and even leaves call leaves:
Moments there are, my poor Caraccioli!
Moments in which the labyrinth of the ear
At every turn of its proclivity
Grows warmer, and holds out the clue, itself:
Severity should not beget despair.
I would not much encourage thee, nor yet
Dash all thy hopes, however inconsiderate,
For hopes there may be, though there should not be,
Flickering even upon despondency.
There may be sounds in certain names to smite
The stagnant heart, and swell its billows high
Over wide spaces, over distant years . .
There may; but who would utter them and know it?
Delicate is the female sense, yet strong
In cherishing and resenting; very prompt
At hiding both, and hating the discoverer.
Never, my Paolo! look too deeply in,
Or thou may'st find what thou art looking for.
Not that she ever said one word against thee;

She even lower'd her voice in naming thee.
Seeing her sister and the rest sit giggling,
Anything else ! anything else ! said she,
And snapt the thread she workt with, out of spite.
A friend, who hopes the best, may tell the worst.
Patience will weary ; even Giovanna's patience.
I could go farther, and relate . . but why
Why ('tis too light to touch upon) relate
The little hurt she gave Filippa's ancle
With that lark heel of hers, by twitching it
Uneasily ? O the impatient sex !
She did shed . . tears I will not say . . a tear . .
Shed it ! no ; I am wrong : it came, it stayed,
As hangs one star, the first and only one,
Twinkling, upon some vernal evening.

CARACCIOLI.

I am but clay beneath her feet. Alas !
Clay there would quicken into primal-man,
Glorified and immortal once again.

FRA RUPERT.

Thou art too hot, my Paolo ! One pulse less
In the half-hour might have been rather better.
Lovest thou our Francesco ?

CARACCIOLI.

Like a brother.

FRA RUPERT.

He should not then have brought thy life in peril.
Andrea is quite furious : all at court
Are sworn upon thy ruin.

CARACCIOLI.

Upon mine ?

I will then calmly tell them they are wrong.

FRA RUPERT.

Will they as calmly hear? Francesco said,
Imprudent youth! you boasted of remembering
Every the lightest mole about Giovanna.

CARACCIOLI.

I say it?

FRA RUPERT.

Those were not your words.

CARACCIOLI.

My words!

FRA RUPERT.

Certainly not . . . precisely.

CARACCIOLI.

Holy Mary!

Is there in Naples, Hungary, or Hell,
The monster who dares utter them?

FRA RUPERT.

'Tis hard

Our friend should be the very man.

CARACCIOLI.

'Tis false,

Frate! 'tis false: my friend is not the man. [*Bursts away.*]

FRA RUPERT, *sneering*.

I will not follow *him* into the cloister.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. IN THE GARDEN OF CAPO DI MONTE.

BOCCACCIO and FIAMMETTA.

BOCCACCIO, *sings*.

If there be love on earth, 'tis here,
O maid of royal line!
Should they who spring from heroes, fear?
Be scornful the divine?
Shine not the stars upon the sea,
Upon the fountain too?
O! let your eyes then light on me,
And O! let mine see you.

[FIAMMETTA comes forward.]

How kind, to come!

FIAMMETTA.

To come into the air?
I like it. They are all at their *merenda**.
The smell of melon overpowers me quite;
I could not bear it; therefor I just come
Into the air to be revived a little.
And you too here! Sly as the satyr-head [*Affecting surprise*.
Under yon seat!

BOCCACCIO.

Did you not tell me?

FIAMMETTA.

I?

You dreamt it.

* *Merenda* (meridiana) the mid-day repast.

BOCCACCIO.

Let me dream then on ! Without
Such dreams, Fiammetta, dull would be the sleep
Call'd life.

FIAMMETTA, *looking round timidly.*

I must be broad awake.

BOCCACCIO.

You must.

FIAMMETTA, *nodding.*

And you. All are indulgent to me ; most
Of all, queen Sancia and Giovanna.

BOCCACCIO.

One

A saint, the other better.

FIAMMETTA.

Then the grave

Filippa . .

BOCCACCIO.

Grave and watchful.

FIAMMETTA.

Not a word

Against her ! I do hold her in my heart,
Although she gives me good advice sometimes.

BOCCACCIO.

I'm glad to hear it ; for the very worthy
Are very rarely general favorites.

FIAMMETTA.

Some love our friend most cordially ; those know her :
Others there are who hate her ; those would know her
And cannot ; for she stands aloof and thanks them ;
Remoter, idler, neither love nor hate,
Nor care about her ; and the worst and truest
They say of her, is, that her speech is dark.

F 2

BOCCACCIO.

Doubtless, the vulgar eye will take offence
If cedar chambers are unwasht with lime.

FIAMMETTA.

But why are you come here?

BOCCACCIO.

To gaze, to sigh,
And, O Fiammetta ! tell me if . . to live..

FIAMMETTA, *laughing*.

I never saw more signs of life in any.

BOCCACCIO.

Cruel !

FIAMMETTA.

To find the signs of life in you?

BOCCACCIO.

To scoff them out.

FIAMMETTA.

I am incapable.

[BOCCACCIO *rises, and steps back gazing fondly.*

O now, Giovanni ! I am terrified !

Why ! you sprang up . . as if you sprang to kiss me !

Did ever creature think of such a thing !

BOCCACCIO.

The drooping blades of grass beneath your feet

Think of it ; the cold runlet thinks of it ;

The pure sky (how it smiles upon us!) thinks of it . .

I will no more then think of it. [Kisses her.

FIAMMETTA.

Giovanni !

Ah ! I shall call you (wretch !) to task for this.

BOCCACCIO.

Call ; and, by Heaven ! I'll come, tho' from the grave.

FIAMMETTA.

Any-one, now, would say you thought me handsome.

BOCCACCIO.

Earth has two beauties ; her Bellagio
And Anacapri ; earth's inhabitants
Have only one among them.

FIAMMETTA.

Whom ?

BOCCACCIO.

Fiammetta.

[*Going.*

FIAMMETTA.

Where are you running now ? Stay ! tho' quite angry,
I am not yet so angry as I should be :
But, if you ever take such liberties
Again !

BOCCACCIO.

O never ! till we reach Aversa.

FIAMMETTA.

And will you there ? and tell me to my face ? [*Is departing.*
Wait, wait for pardon. Must we part ? So soon ?
So long a time ?

BOCCACCIO.

Til star-light.

FIAMMETTA.

Stay a moment.

BOCCACCIO.

Gladly a life : but my old mule loves walking
And meditation. Now the mask and dress,
And boy to carry them, must all be found.

FIAMMETTA.

Boy, mask, dress, mule ! speed, gallop, to Aversa !

BOCCACCIO.

So many kisses lie upon this hand,
Mine hardly reach it.

FIAMMETTA.

Lips there may have been ;
Had there been kisses, I must sure have felt them,
As I did yours . . at least I thought I did. .
But go, for I am half afraid of you . .
That is, of your arriving yonder late.
Go, else the crowd may stop you ; and, perhaps,
I might delay you for some sudden fancy,
Or . . go your ways . . not let you go at all.

SCENE II. FRA RUPERT'S CELL.FRA RUPERT *alone*.

I wisht him power ; for what was his was mine ;
I wisht him jealousy, distrust, aversion
For his pert bride, that she might have no share.
I never fail'd before this wretched day.
Fail'd ! I have not : I will possess my rights,
Spring over him, and never more be spurn'd.
They who had rais'd his seat, shall stablish mine,
Without those two vain boys. O ! had they done it !
And not been where they are ! The fault was theirs.

MAXIMIN *enters*.

FRA RUPERT.

Maximin ! since thy services may soon
Be call'd for, satchel on thee my experience,
Then set about thy work. My Maximin !
Mind how thou liest ! Know, if lie thou must,
Lies, while they sap their way and hold their tongues,
Are safe enough : when breath gets into them,
They, and the work about them, may explode.
Maximin ! there are more lies done than said.

Son ! when we hesitate about the right,
We're sure to do the wrong.

MAXIMIN.

I don't much hesitate.

FRA RUPERT.

To chain a dog and to unchain a dog
Is hazardous alike, while the deaf beast
Stands barking : he must sleep ; then for the cord.

MAXIMIN.

What ! are my services in some farm-yard ?
I am a soldier.

FRA RUPERT.

All great statesmen have been.
How large a portion of the world is each
In his own eyes !

MAXIMIN.

Am I so proud in saying
I am a soldier ?

FRA RUPERT.

I am proud of thee ;
Be that sufficient. Give thou every man
What he requires of thee.

MAXIMIN.

A world to each ?

FRA RUPERT.

Not so : yet hold not up to him a glass
That shows him less, or but some digits greater.

MAXIMIN.

Honestly now, Fra Rupert, by my cross !
No gull art thou. I knew that trick myself,
And (short the digits) told it word for word.

FRA RUPERT.

I will be sworn for thee. Being minister
(Not that I think it certain just at present,

For when the sage and honest are most wanted,
That is the chink of time they all drop through)
But when thou art so, mind this precept. One
Not wise enough to keep the wiser off
Should never be a minister of state.

MAXIMIN.

Fra Rupert ! presto ! make me one to-day.
Give fifty precepts, there they go ! [*blowing*] but this
I'll kiss the cross and the queen's hand, and keep.

FRA RUPERT.

I make thee minister !

MAXIMIN.

You can make kings.

FRA RUPERT.

Not even those ! I might have made Andrea
What thou and every true Hungarian
Wisht him to be, ere he show'd hoof for claw,
And thought to trample down his countrymen.

MAXIMIN.

Andrea bloody-minded ! turtle-doves
Are bloody-minded then, and leave their elm,
The first day's mating, for the scent of gore.

FRA RUPERT.

Maximin ! here is no guitar for thee,
Else mightest thou sing that pure poetry,
Preciously warm and frothy from the udder.

MAXIMIN.

Father ! if any in our troop call'd me
A poet, he should sing for it.

FRA RUPERT.

Thou'rt brave,
Maximin ! and Andrea is not bloody.
But there are princes, or have been within

Our memory, who, when blood gusht forth like water
From their own people, stood upon some bridge
Or iland, waving their plumed caps, and drank
The cries of dying men with drunken ears.

MAXIMIN.

Curses, eternal curses, man's and God's,
Upon such heathens !

FRA RUPERT.

Nay, they were not heathens ;
Happily they were christians, Maximin !
Andrea, though myself instructed him,
Is treacherous. Better were this pasty people
Dissolved, washt down, than brave Hungarians perish.

MAXIMIN.

No truer word prophet or saint e'er spoke.

FRA RUPERT, *sighing*.

Saint hath not spoken it : O may not prophet !

MAXIMIN.

I, being neither, cannot understand you.

FRA RUPERT.

The innocent, the helpless, are surrounded.

MAXIMIN.

Andrea ?

FRA RUPERT.

My Andrea would betray us.

MAXIMIN.

To whom ? Are we the helpless ? we the innocent ?

FRA RUPERT.

While he is yonder at Aversa, we
Are yelling thro' these very streets for mercy.

MAXIMIN.

I cry *you* mercy, father ! When I yell,

I'll borrow whistles from some thirty good
Neapolitans, who'll never want them more.

FRA RUPERT.

Be ready then ! be ready for Aversa !
Glory stands there before thee ; seize the traitor,
Win wealth, win jewels, win . . What have not palaces
For brave young men upon such nights as these !

MAXIMIN.

Would'st bid me stick Andrea ?

FRA RUPERT.

Hungary,
Not I ; our country, not revenge.

MAXIMIN.

Bids murder !
I will proclaim thy treason thro' the camp.

FRA RUPERT.

Unhappy son, forbear ! By thy sweet mother !
Upon my knees ! Upon my knees before
A mortal man ! Yea, Rupert ! bend thy head ;
Thy own son's hand should, and shall, spill thy blood.

[MAXIMIN starts, then hesitates, then rushes at him.]

MAXIMIN.

Impudent hound ! I'll have thy throat for that.

FRA RUPERT, *guards his throat.*

Parricide ! make me not cry Murder . . love
Forbids it . . rather die ! My son ! my son !
Hide but thy mother's shame ; my shame, not hers.

[MAXIMIN relaxes his grasp.]

Maximin ! stand between the world and it !

Oh ! what avails it ! sinner as I am !

Other worlds witness it.

[MAXIMIN looses hold.]

My Maximin !

[RUPERT embraces him.]

MAXIMIN.

Why, how now, Frate ! hath some wine-vault burst
And fuddled thee ? we know thou never drinkest.

FRA RUPERT.

That lighter sin won't save me.

MAXIMIN.

If light sins
Could save us, I have many a bushelful,
And little need your sentry-boxes yonder.

FRA RUPERT, *very mildly*.

I must reprove (my own dear child!) (*Passionately*) . . I must
Reprove, however gently, such irreverence.
Confessionals *are* sentry-boxes ! true !
And woe betide the sentry that naps there !
Woe, if he spare his voice, his prayer, his curse !

MAXIMIN.

Curses we get dog-cheap ; the others, reasonable.

FRA RUPERT.

Sweet Maximin ! whatever my delight
In gazing on those features (for sharp shame,
When love blows over it from lands afar,
Tingles with somewhat too, too like delight !)
We must now part. Thy fortune lies within
My hands. To-night, if thy own officers
Command thee to perform a painful office . .

MAXIMIN.

Good father ! what know we of offices ?
Let them command a duty, and 'tis done.

FRA RUPERT.

Discreet tho' ! Maximin ! discreet ! my marrow !
Let not a word escape thee, not a breath.
Blessings, my tender kid ! We must walk on
(I love thee so !) together thro' the cloister.

MAXIMIN.

No, father! no; too much!

FRA RUPERT.

Too much for thee?

[RUPERT *precedes, speaks to three men, who bow and retire; he disappears.*

MAXIMIN, *loitering in the cloister.*

Incredible! yet friars and cockroaches

Creep thro' all rooms, and like the closest best.

Let me consider! can it be? how can it?

He is bare fifty; I am forty-one.

SCENE III. THE GARDEN OF FRIAR ANSELM'S
CONVENT.

FRA RUPERT, KLAPWRATH, ZINGA, and PSEIN.

FRA RUPERT.

Ye brave supporters of Hungarian power
And dignity! O Zinga! Klapwrath! Psein!
Becomes it me to praise (we may admire
Those whom to praise were a temerity)
Such men as you.

PSEIN.

Us? we are only captains.

ZINGA.

After hard service we are nothing more.

KLAPWRATH.

Twenty-three years hath Klapwrath rode and thirsted.

FRA RUPERT.

Ingratitude! the worst of human crimes,
Hardly we dare to say; so flat and stale,
So heavy with sick sobs from mouth to mouth,

The ejaculation. To my mind scarce witchery
Comes up to it.

PSEIN.

Hold ! father ! For that sin
Either we deal with devils or old women.

FRA RUPERT.

Man was created of the dust ; to make
The fragile mass cohesive, were employed
The bitter waters of ingratitude. [*Affects to weep.*]

KLAPWRATH.

Weeping will never rinse that beaker, Frate !

FRA RUPERT.

It is not for myself.

ZINGA.

We see it is not.

FRA RUPERT.

Ye cannot see deep into me.

PSEIN.

Few can.

FRA RUPERT.

Ye cannot see the havoc made within
By ever-dear Andrea.

ZINGA.

Havoc ?

FRA RUPERT.

Havoc !

KLAPWRATH.

I like the word : purses and rings hang round it,
Necklaces, broches, and indented armlets.

PSEIN.

But, ere we reach 'em, ugly things enough,
Beside the broken swords that lie below
And brave men brandisht in the morning light.

KLAPWRATH.

Brave men then should not cross us ; wise men don't.

FRA RUPERT.

Your spirit all attest ; but those the least
Whose safety hangs upon your saddle-skirts.
Men are not valued for their worth in Italy :
Of the same price the apple and the peach,
The service and the fig.

ZINGA.

Well, there they beat us.

PSEIN.

Whatever they may be, we cannot help it.

FRA RUPERT.

Help it, I say, ye can ; and ye shall help it,
Altho' I perish for ye.

KLAPWRATH.

Then indeed,

Frate ! some good might come of it ; but wilt thou ?

FRA RUPERT.

Abandon to his fate my poor Andrea !
Has he not slept upon this bosom ?

KLAPWRATH.

Has he ?

He must have had some scratches on his face.

FRA RUPERT.

Has he not eaten from this hand ?

KLAPWRATH.

Why then,

He'll never die for want of appetite.

FRA RUPERT.

Have we not drunk our water from one bowl ?

KLAPWRATH.

Father ! you were not very liberal ;
He might have drunk the whole of mine, and welcome.

FRA RUPERT.

How light ye make of life !

ZINGA.

Faith ! not so light ;
I think it worth a tug, for my part of it ;
Nor would I leave our quarters willingly.

PSEIN.

O the delight of floating in a bath,
One hand athwart an orange-bough, the other
Flat on the marble pavement, and our eyes
Wandering among those figures round the arch
That scatter flowers, and laugh at us, and vie
With one another which shall tempt us most !
Nor is it undelightful, in my mind,
To let the curly wave of the warm sea
Climb over me, and languishingly chide
My stopping it, and push me gently away.

KLAPWRATH.

Water, cold, tepid, hot, is one to me.
The only enemy to honest wine
Is water ; plague upon it !

ZINGA.

So say I.

FRA RUPERT.

Three braver friends ne'er met. Hei ! hei ! hei ! hei !
The very name of friend ! You cannot know.
What love I bear Andrea !

PSEIN.

All the world
Knows it.

FRA RUPERT.

The mischief he designs, who guesses ?

PSEIN.

All boys are mischievous.

FRA RUPERT.

Alas ! but mischief
There might be without treachery.

PSEIN.

Poor Andrea !
So little fit for it !

FRA RUPERT.

Frank generous souls
Always are first to suffer from it, last
To know it when they meet it.

KLAPWRATH.

Who shall harm
Our own king's colt ? Who moves, speaks, looks, against
him,
Why ! that man's shroud is woven, and spread out.

FRA RUPERT.

Let mine then be ! would it had been so ere
I saw this day !

PSEIN.

What has he done ?

FRA RUPERT.

To me
All kindness ever. Why such mad resolves
Against the lives of his most sure defenders ?
Against his countrymen, his guards, his father's
Most chosen friends ?

ZINGA.

Against your life ?

FRA RUPERT.

No, no !
Heaven protects *me* ; he sees it ; nor indeed
(To do him justice) has he such a heart.
But why ask *me* to aid him ? Why ask *me*
Whether he was as strong at heart as Zinga,
Dexterous at sword as Klapwrath, such a fool . .
Pardon ! your pardon, gentlemen ! [Looking at PSEIN.]

PSEIN.

As Psein.

FRA RUPERT.

The very word ! Who else dared utter it ?
I give him up ! I almost give him up !

KLAPWRATH.

He shall not rule us. The best blood of Hungary
Shall not be poured this night upon the wine.

FRA RUPERT.

If you must leave the country . . . and perhaps
No worse may reach the greater part of you . . .

PSEIN.

I have no mind to leave it.

ZINGA.

None shall drive us.

KLAPWRATH.

The wines of Hungary strive hard with these,
Yet Klapwrath is contented ; he hates change.

ZINGA.

Let us drink these out first, and then try those.

FRA RUPERT.

Never will come the day when pine-root fire
And heavy cones puff fragrance round the room,
And two bluff healthy children drag along
(One by the ear, the other by the scut)
A bulging hare for supper ; where each greyhound
Knows his own master, leaps up, hangs a foot
Inward, and whimpers piteously to see
Flagons go round ; then off for bread and lard.
Those were your happy times ; unless when foray
Stirr'd ye to wrath, and beeves, and swine, and trulls,
(Tempting ye from propriety) heapt up
A mount of sins to strive against ; abduction

G

Of linen-chests, and those who wove the linen ;
And shocking oaths obscene, and well-nigh acts ;
Fracture of cellar-doors, and spinning-wheels ;
And (who can answer for you) worse, worse, worse !

KLAPWEATH.

'Sblood ! Frate ! runs no vine-juice in our arteries ?
Psein's forehead starts wry veins upon each side ;
His nostrils blow so hot they'll crack my boots.

ZINGA.

Must we move hence ?

FRA RUPERT.

To die like sheep ? like conies ?
Ye shall not die alone ; I will die with you.
There have been kings who sacrificed their sons .
Abraham would have done it ; Pagans have ;
But guardians such as I am !

KLAPWRATH.

Frate ! Frate !
Don't tear those tindery rags, or they will quit thee
With only horse-hair under, and some stiffer.

FRA RUPERT.

You conquer me, you conquer me, I yield.
He was not bloody. Would it end with one !
And we knew which . . or two, or three.

ZINGA.

But *us* ?

FRA RUPERT.

" *If once the captains of the companies,*"
Said he . . and then, I own, he said no more :
He saw me shudder, and he sped away.

KLAPWEATH.

Are we to hold our throats out to the knife ?

FRA RUPERT.

Patience ! dear doubtful Klapwrath ! mere suspicion !
He did not say the knife, or sword, or halter,
He might have meant the scaffold ; nothing worse ;
Deprive you he might not of all distinction,
Nay, might spare one or other of you yet :
Why then prevent what may need no prevention ?
Slyer are few ; many more sanguinary :
Must we (don't say it) give him up ? I hope
He's mischievous through weakness, not malignity.

ZINGA.

What matters that ? A feather-bed may stifle us
(If we will let it) with a babe to press it.
Is there no other prince in Hungary
Fit to maintain us here ?

FRA RUPERT.

The very thought
That came into my head !

PSEIN.

But when ours fall,
What matters it who leaps upon his horse
To overlook our maintenance ? A fool
I may be, can his wisdom answer that ?

ZINGA.

He doubts my courage, bringing thus his own
Against it. He's a boy : were he a man,
No injury, no insult, no affront . . .
Every man is as brave as I . . . Stop there !
By all my saints ! by all my services !

[He shows several about him.]

This hilt shall smash his teeth who dares say, *braver*.

KLAPWRATH.

What I am you know best, at battling it ;

Nothing is easier : but I've swum two nights
 And days together upon Baian wine,
 And so have ye : 'twould swamp that leaky nump-skull.
 Behead us ; good ! but underrate us ; never !

FRA RUPERT.

Having thus clear'd our consciences, and shown
 Our purity in face of day, we swear . . . [Hesitates.

ZINGA.

Frate, if *you* don't grudge an oath or two . .

FRA RUPERT.

Death to Andrea ! loyalty to Lewis !

ALL.

Hurrah !

FRA RUPERT.

Sweet friends ! profane not thus the cloister !
 Leave me to weep for him ! the cruel boy !

SCENE IV. PALACE OF AVERSA ; SALOON OVER-
 LOOKING THE GARDEN.

SANCIA, FILIPPA, MARIA, FIAMMETTA.

MARIA.

Ha ! here they come again. See ! Lady Sancia
 Leaning upon Filippa. They are grown
 Wiser, and will not barter songs for griefs.

BOCCACCIO *sings*.

A mellow light on Latmos fell,
 It came not from the lowly cell,
 It glided from the skies ;
 It lighted upon one who slept,
 Some voice then askt him why he wept,
 Some soft thing prest his eyes.

Another might have wonder'd much,
Or peer'd, or started at the touch,
But he was far too wise ;
He knew the light was from above,
He play'd the shifting game of love,
And lost at last three sighs.

FIAMMETTA (*to FILIPPA*).

I wish he would come nearer, just to see
How my hair shines, powder'd with dust of gold :
I think he then would call me . .

MARIA.

What ?

FIAMMETTA.

Fiammetta.

FILIPPA.

He hardly . . poet as he seems to be . .
Such as he is . . could feign a better name.
He does not seem to be cut out for singing.

FIAMMETTA.

I would not have his voice one tittle altered.
The poetry is pretty . . She says nothing.
The poetry is charming . . Now she hears me.
The most delightful poetry ! . . O Lady
Filippa ! not one praise for it ! not one !
I never dreamt you were yourself a poet.

FILIPPA.

These summer apples may be palatable,
But will not last for winter ; the austere
And wrinkle-rinded have a better chance.
Throw a whole honeycomb into a haystack,
It may draw flies, but never will feed horses.
With these same cogs (eternally one tune)
The mill has floured us with such dust all over
As we must shake off, or die apoplectic.

Your gentle silken-vested swains may wish
All poetry one sheepfold.

MARIA.

Sheep are well,
Like men and most things, in their proper places,
But when some prancing knight would entertain us,
Some gallant, brightening every gem about him,
I would not have upon the palace steps
A hind cry out, "*Make way there for my sheep.*"
They say (not speaking of this woolsy race)
They say that poets make us live for ever.

FILIPPA.

Sometimes the life they lend is worse than none,
Shorn of its glory, shrivel'd up for want
Of the fresh air of virtue.

FIAMMETTA.

Yet, to live !
O ! and to live by those we love so well !

FILIPPA.

If such irregularities continue
After to-night, when freedoms are allowed,
We must lock up the gardens, rigorously
Forbidding all the inmates of the palace
To use the keys they have.

FIAMMETTA.

The good king Robert
Sooner had driven out the nightingales
Than the poor timid poets.

FILIPPA.

Timid poets !
What breed are they of ?

FIAMMETTA.

Such as sing of love.

FILIPPA.

The very worst of all ; the boldest men !

MARIA.

Nay ; not the boldest ; very quarrelsome,
Tragic and comic, hot and cold, are so ;
And so are nightingales ; the gardener
Has told me ; and the poets do no worse
Than they do. Here and there they pluck a feather
From one another, here and there a crumb ;
But, for hard fighting, fair straight-forward fighting,
With this one nosegay I could beat them all.
In good king Robert's day were lute and lyre ;
Now hardly dare we hang them on the nail,
But run away and throw them down before
The blustering drum and trumpet hoarse with rage.
Let poetry and music, dear Filippa,
Gush forth unfrozen and unchecked !

FILIPPA.

Ah child !
Thy fancy too some poet hath inflamed :
Believe me, they are dangerous men.

MARIA.

No men
Are dangerous.

FILIPPA.

O my child !

MARIA.

The very creatures
Whom God has given us for our protection.

FILIPPA.

But against whom ?

MARIA.

I never thought of that.

FIAMMETTA.

Somebody told me once that good king Robert
Gave keys to three or four, who neither were
Nor would be constant inmates of the court.

MARIA.

Who might and would not ! This is an enigma.
They must have felt, then, very low indeed.
Among our glass-house jewels newly-set
I have seen vile ones, and have laught to think
How nicely would my slipper pat their faces ;
They never felt thus low.

SANCIA.

We feel it for them.
Prescriptively, we leave to our assayers
To stamp the currency of gold and brass.

FIAMMETTA to FILIPPA.

Have you not prais'd the king your very self
For saying to Petrarca, as he did,
*" Letters are dearer to me than my crown,
And, were I forced to throw up one or other,
Away should go the diadem, by Jove ! "*

SANCIA.

Thou art thy very father. Kiss me, child !
His father said it, and thy father would.
When shall such kings adorn the throne again !

FIAMMETTA.

When the same love of what Heaven made most lovely
Enters their hearts ; when genius shines above them,
And not beneath their feet. [Goes up to GIOVANNI.]

SANCIA to FILIPPA.

Rapturous girl !
Warmth ripens years and wisdom. She discourses
Idly as other girls on other things.

FILIPPA.

That ripening warmth fear I.

SANCIA.

Portending what?

FILIPPA.

Ah, gracious lady! sweetest fruits fall soonest . .

SANCIA.

(Who sweeter?)

FILIPPA.

And are bruised the most by falling.

MARIA *joining them.*

Sicily and myself are disagreed.

Surely the man who sang must have thick fingers,

He play'd so badly: but his voice is sweet,

For all its trembling.

FIAMMETTA.

Now I think the trembling

Makes it no worse. I wish he would go on.

MARIA.

Evidently the song should finish there.

FIAMMETTA.

Evidently it should go on . . (*aside*) for ever.

MARIA.

Ho! ho! you are not cruel to the knight?

FIAMMETTA.

It is no knight at all.

SANCIA.

How know you that?

MARIA.

You would be frightened . .

FIAMMETTA.

He could never frighten.

MARIA.

If tilting . .

FIAMMETTA.

Nobody would hurt Giovanni.

SCENE V.

ANDREA, MARIA, *and* FIAMMETTA.

ANDREA.

So ! you too have been listening, every soul,
I warrant ye.

MARIA.

And have you too, Andrea ?

ANDREA.

From that snug little watch-tower. 'Twas too high ;
I only lookt upon the tops of trees.
See ! him there ! maskt ! under the mulberry !

FIAMMETTA.

I do not see him . Look for him elsewhere.
That is a shadow.

ANDREA.

Think you so ? It may be.
And the guitar ?

FIAMMETTA.

What ! that great yellow toad-stool ?

ANDREA.

How like is everything we see by starlight !

FIAMMETTA, *aside*.

If there were not a star in all the sky,
Every one upon earth would know Giovanni !

ANDREA.

I wish the mulberries were not past, that dozens
Might drop upon him, and might speckle over
His doublet : we should see it like a trout
To-morrow, white and crimson, and discover
The singer of this nonsense about light.

FIAMMETTA.

If you don't like it, pray don't listen to it.

MARIA, *maliciously*.

Then let us come away.

FIAMMETTA.

Pray do.

MARIA, *taking her arm*.

Come.

FIAMMETTA, *peevishly*.

No.

MARIA.

Listen ! another song !

FIAMMETTA.

Hush ! for Heaven's sake !

O ! will you never listen ? All this noise !

MARIA.

Laughter might make some ; smiles are much too silent.

FIAMMETTA.

Well ; you have stopt him ! Are you now content ?

MARIA.

Quite, quite ; if you are.

FIAMMETTA.

He begins again !

Hush ! for the hope of Paradise ! O hush !

BOCCACCIO *sings*.

List ! list ye to another tale !

FIAMMETTA.

No ; he who dares tell one
To other ears than one's, shall fail.

BOCCACCIO.

I sing for her alone.

ANDREA.

I have a mind to be . .

MARIA.

What ? prince !

ANDREA.

What ? angry.

MARIA.

Not you.

ANDREA.

Not I ? Why, who should hinder me ?

MARIA, *coaxing*.

No, no ; you won't be angry, prince !

ANDREA.

I said

Half-angry, and resolve to keep my word.

MARIA.

Anger is better, as pomegranates are,
Split into halves, and losing no small part.

ANDREA.

I never heard such truth about pomegranates !

What was the other thing we reason'd on ?

Ho ! now I recollect, as you shall see.

[*Goes : all follow.*]

SCENE VI. GARDEN.

ANDREA, MARIA, FIAMMETTA, *and* BOCCACCIO.

ANDREA.

Keep back : where thieves may be, leave men alone.
Now for drawn swords ! Where are they ; slipt behind
The mulberry : wisely schemed ! 'twon't do ! come forth !
Yield ! tremble like a poplar-leaf ! Who art thou ?
[*Seizing* BOCCACCIO.]

BOCCACCIO.

King Robert, sir, respected me.

ANDREA.

Did *he* ?
Did *he* ? Then far more highly should Andrea.
Sicily ! treat him kindly. We may all,
Even you and I, commit an indiscretion.
How the stars twinkle ! how the light leaves titter !
And there are secret quiverings in the herbs,
As if they all knew something of the matter,
And wisht it undisturb'd. To-night no harm
Shall happen to the worst man in Aversa.

ACT V.

SCENE I. PALACE OF AVERSA.

ANDREA *and* GIOVANNA.

GIOVANNA.

How gracefully thou satest on thy horse,
Andrea !

ANDREA.

Did I ?

GIOVANNA.

He curveted so,
Sidled and pranced and croucht and plunged again,
I almost was afraid, but dared not say it.

ANDREA.

Castagno is a sad curvetting rogue.

GIOVANNA.

'Twas not Castagno ; 'twas Polluce.

ANDREA.

Was it ?

How canst thou tell, Giovanna ?

GIOVANNA.

I can tell.

ANDREA.

All at hap-hazard : I am very sure
'Twas not the horse you look'd at ; nor did I
Think about riding, or about the palfrey,
Crimson and gold, half palfrey and half ostrich.
But thou too ridest like a queen, my dove !

GIOVANNA.

So very like one ? Would you make me proud ?

ANDREA.

God forbid that ! I love thee more for beauty.
Ne'er put on pride, my heart ! thou dost not want it ;
Many there are who do ; cast it to them
Who cannot do without it, empty souls !
Ha ! how you look ! is it surprise or pleasure ?

GIOVANNA.

Pleasure, my love ! I will obey with pleasure
This your first order. But, indeed, my husband,
You must not look so fondly when the masks come,
For you and I, you know, shall not be maskt.

ANDREA.

A pretty reason for not looking fond !
Must people then wear masks for that ?

GIOVANNA.

Most do.
I never saw such fondness as some masks
Presented.

ANDREA.

Thou hast never seen half mine ;
Thou shalt ; and then shalt thou sit judge between us.
We have not spoken more to-day, my chuck,
Than many other days, yet thou appearest
Wiser than ever. I have gain'd from thee
More than I gave.

GIOVANNA.

And, without flattery,
I am more pleased with your discourse than ever.

ANDREA, *fondly*.

No, not than ever. In this very room

Didst thou not give to me this very hand
Because I talkt so well?

GIOVANNA.

We foolish girls
Are always caught so.

ANDREA.

Always kept so, too?
Well, we must see about it then, in earnest.

GIOVANNA.

Andrea! one thing see to: pray inquire
If, in the crowd that rusht so thro' the gates,
No accident has happen'd. Some cried out,
Some quarrel'd; many horses started off
And bore amidst them.

ANDREA.

Never fear.

GIOVANNA.

But ask.

[*He goes.*]

SCENE II.

FIAMMETTA, MARIA, FILIPPA, and SANCIA, *enter.*

MARIA.

The bridegroom is among the other grooms,
Asking odd questions: what man's horse broke loose,
Who was knockt down, what fruit-stall overturn'd,
Who quarrel'd, who cried out, struck, ran away.

GIOVANNA.

Maria! this is pleasantry.

ANDREA, *returning hastily.*

They say,
Caraffa and Caraccioli are dead.

GIOVANNA.

It cannot be: they were both well this morning

FILIPPA.

The west-wind blew this morning . . no air now.

GIOVANNA.

O but, Filippa! they both came together.
Did not queen Sancia tell you?

FILIPPA.

I have seen
Two barks together enter the port yonder,
And part together.

GIOVANNA.

But to die at once!

FILIPPA.

Happy the friends whom that one fate befalls!

GIOVANNA.

So soon!

FILIPPA.

Perhaps so soon.

GIOVANNA.

It may be happy,
It must be strange; awfully strange indeed!
[FIAMMETTA goes out.]

ANDREA.

My darling! how you pity those two youths!
I like you for it.

GIOVANNA.

Both have fathers living:
What must they suffer! Each . . I never heard,
But may well fancy . . loved some girl who loves him.
I could shed tears for her.

MARIA.

My dear Giovanna!
Do queens shed tears? and on the wedding-day?

H

SANCIA.

I see no reason why they should not.

FILIPPA, *aside*.

I,

Alas! see far too many why they should.

ANDREA.

What did Filippa say? that brides should cry?

FILIPPA, *to GIOVANNA and MARIA*.

Not idly has the genial breath of song
Turn'd into pearls the tears that woman sheds:
They are what they are call'd: some may be brighter
Among your gems, none purer, none become
The youthful and the beautiful so well.

ANDREA, *as FIAMMETTA enters*.

Here enters one you never will teach that,
She is too light for grief, too gay for love,
And neither salt nor misletoe can catch her,
Nor springe nor net: she laughs at all of them
Like any woodpecker, and wings away.
I know you women; I'm a married man.

FIAMMETTA.

They will not give the story up: they draw
All different ways, but death they all will have.

ANDREA.

Ay, and one only will not satisfy them.

[*An officer enters, and confers apart with him.*]

Certain?

GIOVANNA.

Some other accident less heavy,
Heaven! let us hope!

ANDREA.

Strangled ! O what a death !
One of them . . one (no matter now which of them)
Disliked me, shunn'd me ; if we met, look'd at me
Straiter and taller and athwart the shoulder,
And dug his knuckles deep into his thigh.
I gave him no offence . . yet, he is gone . .
Without a word of hearing, he is gone !
To think of this ! to think how he has fallen
Amid his pranks and joyances, amid
His wild heath myrtle-blossoms, one might say,
It quite unmans me.

SANCIA.

Speak not so, my son !
Let others, when their nature has been changed
To such unwonted state, when they are call'd
To do what angels do and brutes do not,
Sob at their shame, and say they are unmann'd :
Unmann'd they cannot be ; they are not men.
At glorious deeds, at sufferings well endured,
Yea, at life's thread snapt with its gloss upon it,
Be it man's pride and privilege to weep.

SCENE III. GRAND SALOON.*Masks passing.*

ANDREA, GIOVANNA, MARIA, FIAMMETTA, FILIPPA.

FILIPPA.

It may be right, my lady, that you know
What masks are here.

H 2

GIOVANNA.

I have found out already
A few of them. Several waived ceremony
(Desirably at masks) and past unnoticed.
The room fills rapidly.

FILIPPA.

Not to detain
My queen (for hundreds anxiously approach),
Pardon ! I recognised the Prince Luigi.

GIOVANNA.

Taranto ? Tell our cousin to keep on
His mask all evening. Hither ! uninvited !

MARIA, *out of breath.*

Think you the dais will keep the masks from hearing ?

GIOVANNA.

Why should it ?

MARIA.

Oh ! why should it ? He is here.
Even Filippa could distinguish him.
Every one upon earth must know Taranto.

GIOVANNA.

Descend we then : beside the statue there
We may converse some moments privately.

MARIA.

Radiant I saw him as the sun . . a name
We always gave him . . rapid as his beams.
I should have known him by his neck alone
Among ten thousand. While I gazed upon it,
He gazed at three mysterious masks : then rose
That graceful column, ampler, and more wreathed
With its marmoreal thews and dimmer veins.
The three masks hurried thro' the hall ; Taranto
After them (fierce disdain upon his brow)

Darted as Mercury at Jove's command.
No doubt, three traitors who dared never face him
In his own country, are courageous here.

GIOVANNA.

Taranto, then, Taranto was unmaskt !
Against my orders !

MARIA.

Rather say, *before*.
Luigi never disobeyed Giovanna.

GIOVANNA.

Filippa carried them.

MARIA.

I know his answer.

GIOVANNA.

Repeat it then, for she may not to-night.

MARIA.

*" Tell her I come the cousin, not the prince,
Nor with pretension, nor design, nor hope ;
I come the loyal, not the fond, Taranto."*
Why look you round ?

GIOVANNA.

'The voice is surely his.

MARIA.

The thoughts are . .

GIOVANNA, *pressing her hand*.

May, O Heaven ! the speaker be ! [*Both walk away.*

FRA RUPERT, *maskt and disguised, to one next.*

I heard our gracious queen, espoused to-day,
Give orders that Taranto keep well maskt.

NEXT MASK, *to another.*

Ho then ! Taranto here !

SECOND MASK.

What treachery !

FRA RUPERT, *maskt.*

He could not keep away. Tempestuous love
Has tost him hither. Let him but abstain
From violence, nor play the jealous husband,
As some men do when husbands cross their road.

SECOND MASK.

Taranto is a swordsman to the proof.

FIRST MASK.

Where is he?

FRA RUPERT, *maskt.*

He stood yonder, in sky-blue,
With pearls about the sleeves.

SECOND MASK.

Well call him Phœbus!
I would give something for a glimpse at what
That mask conceals.

FRA RUPERT, *maskt.*

Oh! could we catch a glimpse
Of what all masks conceal, 'twould break our hearts.
Far better hidden from us! Woman! woman! [*Goes off.*]

FIRST MASK *to second.*

A friar Rupert! only that his voice
Breathes flute-like whisperings, rather than reproofs.

SECOND MASK.

Beside, he stands three inches higher; his girth
Slenderer by much.

FIRST MASK.

Who thought 'twas really he?
I only meant he talkt as morally.

THIRD MASK *coming up to* FOURTH.

I am quite certain there is Frate Rupert.

FOURTH MASK.

Where is he not ? The Devil's ubiquity !
But, like the Devil, not well known when met.
How found you him so readily ? What mark ?

THIRD MASK.

Stout is he, nor ill-built, though the left shoulder
Is half a finger's breadth above the right.

FOURTH MASK.

But that man's . . let me look . . that man's right shoulder
Stands two good inches highest.

THIRD MASK.

Doubt is past . .
We catch him ! over-sedulous disguise !

SCENE IV.ANDREA, *enters*.

We have a cousin in the house, my queen !
What dost thou blush at ? Why art troubled ? Sure
We are quite grand enough for him : our supper
(I trust) will answer all his expectations.

MARIA.

So, you have lookt then at the supper-table ?

ANDREA.

'Twould mortify me if Giovanna's guests
Were disappointed.

GIOVANNA.

Mine ! and not yours too ?

ANDREA.

Ah sly one ! you have sent then for Taranto
And would not tell me ! Cousin to us both,
To both he should be welcome as to one.

Another little blush ! Why, thou art mine,
And never shalt, if love's worth love, repent it.

GIOVANNA.

Never, my own Andrea ! for such trust
Is far more precious than the wealthiest realms,
Or all that ever did adorn or win them.

ANDREA.

I must not wait to hear its value told,
We shall have time to count it out together.
I now must go to greet our cousin yonder,
He waits me in the balcony ; the guards
Have sent away the loiterers that stood round,
And only two or three of his own friends
Remain with him. To tarry were uncourteous.

MARIA, *earnestly to him.*

I do believe Luigi is below.

ANDREA.

Do not detain me : we have never met
Since your proud sister spoke unkindly to him,
And, vaulting on his horse, he hurried home. [Goes.

MARIA.

The soldiers there do well to guard the balcony,
And close the folding-doors against intrusion.

[Cry is heard.

FIAMMETTA.

Ha ! some inquisitive young chamber-lady,
Who watcht Luigi enter, pays for it.
'Those frolicsome young princes are demanding
A fine for trespass.

GIOVANNA.

Nay, they are too rude,
Permitting any rudeness. Struggles ! sobs !
Andrea never caused them.

MARIA.

Shame, Taranto !

GIOVANNA.

Stifling of screams ! Those nearer are alarm'd ;
Those farther off are running for the staircase ;
And many come this way ! What can they mean ?
See ! they look angry as they run, and dash
Their hands against their foreheads ! (*Very alarmed.*)
Where's a page ?

[*A page stands maskt in the doorway : crowds of un-
maskt behind him.*]

MARIA.

A page ! a page !

PAGE, *to himself.*I am one ; and discovered ! [*Advances.*]

GIOVANNA.

Run ; see what those young courtiers round the princes
Are doing in the balcony. Below ;
Not there.

PAGE.

I might mistake the prince Andrea,
Not having ever seen him, quite a stranger,
Being prince Luigi's page, whom I awaited,
To say his groom and horse are near at hand.

MARIA.

He goes then ?

PAGE.

Ere it dawn.

GIOVANNA.

Oh ! hasten ! hasten
Below, and instantly run back again,
Telling me what you can discover there.

PAGE, *returns.*

Lady ! the lamps about the balcony
Are all extinguisht.

GIOVANNA.

Is the wind so high ?

What didst thou hear, what didst thou note, beside ?

PAGE, *hesitating*.

Against the gentlest, the most virtuous queen,

Opprobrious speech, threats, imprecations . .

GIOVANNA, *earnestly*.

Pass it.

PAGE, *continues*.

Upon the stairs ; none from the gardens.

GIOVANNA.

There

What sawest thou ?

PAGE.

Over the balcony

Downward some burden swang.

GIOVANNA.

Some festive wreath

Perhaps.

PAGE.

Too heavy ; almost motionless.

MARIA.

Several damask draperies thrown across.

PAGE.

May-be. The wind just stirr'd the bottom of them :

I had no time to look : I saw my prince

Fighting.

MARIA.

O heaven ! was ever night like this .

PAGE.

For gallant sword ! it left two proofs behind :

The third man, seeing me (poor help for arm

So valiant !) fled.

MARIA.

O! we are safe then, all!

[*Very joyous.*]

PAGE.

No cap lost they, nor did the one who fled:

Whose, in the world of Naples, can be this?

[*He takes from under his richly embroidered cloak the cap of ANDREA. GIOVANNA clasps it to her face, and falls with a stifled scream.*]

ANOTHER PAGE, *brings in ANDREA's ermine cloak.*

This cloak fell near me from the balusters.

MARIA.

His own! Ha! this dark speck is not the ermine.

FILIPPA.

See! she revives! hide it away! O guests

Of our unhappy festival, retire.

END OF ANDREA OF HUNGARY.

GIOVANNA OF NAPLES.

MALE CHARACTERS.

LEWIS, *King of Hungary.*
LUIGI, *Prince of Taranto.*
ACCIAJOLI, *Seneschal of Naples.*
UGO DEL BALZO.
SPINELLO, *General of Naples.*
RIENZI, *Tribune of Rome.*
FRA RUPERT.
BOCCACCIO.
PETRARCA.
PSEIN, *a Hungarian Captain.*
POPE'S NUNCIO.
PRIOR OF THE CELESTINES.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

WIFE OF RIENZI.
FILIPPA OF CATANIA.
SANCIA, *her Granddaughter.*
PRINCESS MARIA.
FIAMMETTA.

GIOVANNA OF NAPLES.

ACT I.

SCENE I. GARDEN OF CAPO-DI-MONTE.

BOCCACCIO and FIAMMETTA.

BOCCACCIO.

Adieu the starlit gardens of Aversa,
The groves of Capo-Monte !

FIAMMETTA.

Why adieu ?

BOCCACCIO.

One night will throw its gloom upon them long.

FIAMMETTA.

It will indeed : but love can dwell in gloom,
And not repine in it.

BOCCACCIO.

The generous man,
Who might have much impeded ours, gave way
To better impulses. My face is flusht
To think of his hard doom, and find myself
Happy where he was happy, and so lately !

FIAMMETTA.

I too have sighs, nor for thee only, now.
Giovanni, had an angel told it me

The other day, I should have disbelieved.
We all are now alike. Even queen Sancia,
Sancia, so calm in sorrow, said, *Death comes*
To some with flames across his angry brow,
To others holds green palm and aureole crown,
Dreadless as is the shadow of a leaf . .
But, while she said it, prest my hand and wept,
Then prayed of Heaven its peace for poor Andrea.

BOCCACCIO.

We may think too as wisely as the queen
When we attain her age ; of other flames
And other palms and other crowns just now.
Like every growth, thoughts also have their seasons ;
We will not pluck unripe ones ; they might hurt us.
That lady then was with you ?

FIAMMETTA.

She herself
Led me up hither by the sleeve. Giovanna
Is there below, secure, in Castel-Nuovo.
Look you ! what crowds are gathering round about it.

BOCCACCIO.

I see them, and implore you, my Fiammetta,
To tarry here, protected by queen Sancia.

FIAMMETTA.

And will you tarry near me ?

BOCCACCIO.

While the queen
Your sister is quite safe.

FIAMMETTA.

What ! thinkest thou
She ever can be otherwise than safe ?
I will run down to her.

BOCCACCIO.

There is no danger
At present ; if there should be, my weak aid

Shall not be wanting. He whom she laments
I too lament : this bond unites me with her ;
And I will keep her in my sight, and follow
(As lighter birds follow the powerfuller,)
Where'er the tempest drives her . . not to save,
But break the fall, or warn her from below.

FIAMMETTA.

Generously spoken, my own sweet Giovanni !
Do so, and I can spare you ; but remember
Others may want a warning too, may want
Some one to break a fall, some one to save . . .
Giovanni ! O Giovanni ! to save what ?
For what is left but love ? . . save that, Giovanni !

BOCCACCIO.

Were any infelicity near you,
Crowns and their realms might perish : but your sister
Is part of you : had she but lookt into
Your cradle, and no more ; had one kind word,
And only one, fallen from her upon you,
My life should be the price for it.

FIAMMETTA.

Your life !
We have but one, we two. But until she
Is safe again, and happier, you shall keep it.
Go, go then ; follow her ; but soon return.
While you are absent from me, shapeless fears
Must throng upon and keep awake my sorrow.

BOCCACCIO.

To grieve for what is past, is idle grief,
Idler to grieve for what may never be.
Courage ! when both most wish it, we shall meet.

SCENE II. CASTEL-NUOVO.

GIOVANNA *and* DEL BALZO.

GIOVANNA.

Ugo del Balzo ! thou art just and firm.
Seek we the murderers out, and bring them forth
Before their God and fellow men, if God
Or fellow men have they. Spare none who did
This cruel deed. The partner of my throne,
Companion of my days . . until that day . .
Avenge ! In striking low the guilty head
Show mercy to my people. Take from me
And execute with promptness this commission.
O what a chasm in life hath one day made,
Thus giving way with such astounding crash
Under my feet, when all seem'd equable,
All hopeful, not a form of fear in sight.

DEL BALZO.

Lady ! if all could see the pangs within
Which rend your bosom, every voice would pause
From railing and reproach.

GIOVANNA.

Reproach who will,
Rail who delight in railing. Could my arm
Protect the innocent ?

DEL BALZO.

But strange reports
(With this commission in my hand I speak it)
Murmur throughout the city. Kindred, ay,
Close kindred are accused.

GIOVANNA.

Such accusations
Have burst upon my ear : they wrong my cousin.

A man more loyal than the brave Taranto
Nor court nor field e'er saw : but even he
Shall not escape if treachery be found
Within the shadow of that lofty mien.

DEL BALZO.

No, by the sword of the arch-angel ! no . .
Altho' his sister smiles this hour upon
Her first-born of my dear and only brother
The duke of Andria. Thou must weep, Francesco !
And she, and I ; for such dishonour taints
The whole house through, obscuring past and future.
Was he not in Aversa ?

GIOVANNA.

He was there.

DEL BALZO.

And were no orders given that he keep on
His mask all evening ?

GIOVANNA.

Yes, I gave those orders.

DEL BALZO.

The queen's commission reaches not the queen.

GIOVANNA.

Imperfect then is that commission, Ugo !

DEL BALZO.

Freedom of speech is limited.

GIOVANNA.

By what ?

DEL BALZO.

The throne.

GIOVANNA.

For once, then, push the throne more back,
And let thy words and actions have their scope.

DEL BALZO.

Why was Aversa chosen for the revels ?

[*The QUEEN hesitates, and sighs deeply.*]

One answer comes from all. Because the town
Is Norman, the inhabitants are Norman,
Sworn enemies to an Hungarian prince ;
The very name sounds hostilely ; the walls
Built in aversion to the pride of Capua.

GIOVANNA.

I could give other answer, which such hearts
Would little understand. My happiest days
Were spent there . . O that there my last had closed !
Was it not in Aversa we first met ?
There my Andrea, while our friends stood round
At our betrothment, fain would show me first
A horse they led for him from Hungary.
The hands we join'd were little hands indeed !
And the two rings we interchanged would ill
Let pass the bossy chain of his light hair
Entwisted with my darker, nor without
His teeth was then drawn thro' it. Those were days
When none saw quarrels on his side or mine,
Yet were there worse than there were latterly,
Or than since childhood ever. We have lived
From those days forth without distrust and strife.
All might have seen but now will not know that.

DEL BALZO.

Lady ! the court and people too remember
That none more courteous, none more beautiful,
Lives than the prince Luigi. . they acknowledge
That prince Andrea's qualities fell short . .

GIOVANNA.

Del Balzo ! cease ! he was your prince but now . .
His virtues were domestic . . few saw those.

DEL BALZO.

Few, I confess it ; not so few the other's ;
His assiduities, his love.

GIOVANNA.

Do these
Remember too, whate'er advantages
The prince Luigi of Taranto had,
I gave my hand where they who rear'd me will'd,
That no contention in our family
Might reach my people? Ugo! tell me now
To whom show'd I my love? To them or him?

DEL BALZO.

Lady! 'twas nobly done. Yet he was seen
To walk among the maskers on that night,
Was ordered to keep on his mask, was known
To watch Andrea in the balcony,
To rush away, to fight below the place
Where the inhuman deed was perpetrated,
And then to fly.

GIOVANNA.

O! if Taranto could
Be guilty! . . but impossible! My sister
Saw him pursue three masks: and his own page
Found him in fight with one, where two were slain.

DEL BALZO.

Would any court receive such testimony?

GIOVANNA.

Examine then more closely. I am lost,
Not in conjectures, for my mind flies off
From all conjecture, but in vague, in wild
Tumultuous thoughts, all broken, crost, and crazed.
Go, lose no moment. There are other things [DEL BALZO goes.
I could have said . . what were they? . there are things . .
Maria . . why not here! . . She knows there are . .
O! were the guilty so perplexed as I am,
No guilt were undiscover'd in the world!

SCENE III.

FILIPPA, SANCIA TERLIZZI, DEL BALZO.

SANCIA TERLIZZI.

Gentle and gracious and compassionate,
Companion and not queen to those about her,
Giovanna delegates her fullest powers
To stern Del Balzo ; and already force
Enters the palace gates.

FILIPPA.

Let them be closed
Against all force. Send for the seneschal.

SANCIA TERLIZZI.

Acciajoli has departed for Aversa,
There to make inquest.

FILIPPA.

Who dares strike the door ?

DEL BALZO, *entering*.

The laws.

FILIPPA.

Count Ugo ! is the queen extinct ?

DEL BALZO.

The prince is. Therefor lead with due respect
These ladies, and the rest, away. [To an Officer.

FILIPPA.

What means
This violence ?

DEL BALZO, *to the Officer*.

Let none, I pray, be used. [To FILIPPA.

Behold the queen's commission ! In that chamber
Where close examinations must ensue,
In clear untroubled order let your words
Leave us no future violence to be feared.

FILIPPA, *returning the paper.*

The queen hath acted as she always acts,
Discreetly; bravely: it becomes her race
And station: what becomes a faithful subject
Let us do now.

[*The QUEEN enters*

SANCIA TERLIZZO.

Turn: lo, the queen herself!

DEL BALZO.

Lady! there is one chamber in the realm,
And only one, and that but for one day,
You may not enter.

GIOVANNA.

Which is that, Del Balzo?

DEL BALZO.

Where the judge sits against the criminal.

GIOVANNA.

Criminal! none are here.

DEL BALZO.

If all my wishes
Avail'd me, there were none.

GIOVANNA.

Sure, sure, the palace
Is sacred.

DEL BALZO.

Sacred deeds make every place
Sacred, unholy ones make all unholy.

GIOVANNA.

But these are our best friends.

FILIPPA.

My royal mistress!
The name of friendship and the name of justice
Should stand apart. Permit me to retire. . . [*To DEL BALZO.*
Whither, sir, you must dictate.

DEL BALZO.

Lead them on.

[*The QUEEN throws her arms round FILIPPA, who
gently removes them and goes.*

Lady ! would you protect the culpable ?

GIOVANNA.

Ugo del Balzo ! would you wrong the queen ?

DEL BALZO.

I recognise the lofty race of Robert,
And my arm strengthens and my heart dilates.

GIOVANNA.

Perform your duty, sir, and all your duty ;
Win praise, win glory . . mine can be but tears. [Goes.

SCENE IV.

FRA RUPERT, DEL BALZO.

FRA RUPERT.

Confessionals are close ; and closer stil
The heart that holds one treasure.

DEL BALZO.

Father Rupert !

What brought thee hither at this busy hour ?

FRA RUPERT.

My duty : I must not delay my duty.

DEL BALZO.

What is it ?

FRA RUPERT.

I would fain absolve from sin
(Far as the Church allows) the worst of sinners.

DEL BALZO.

In few plain words, who sent for thee ?

FRA RUPERT.

In fewer,
I scorn thy question.

DEL BALZO.

Father ! thou must wait.
The prince's death involves some powerful ones,
Whose guilt or innocence shall presently
Be ascertained.

FRA RUPERT.

What ! and shall man hear first
The guilty soul confess its secret sin ?
Shall not the angels carry up the tale
Before the people catch it ?

DEL BALZO.

They, no doubt,
Already have done this.

FRA RUPERT.

Not half, not half.

DEL BALZO.

Father ! it seems thou knowest more about it
Than I or any else. Why reddenest thou ?

FRA RUPERT.

Dost think, Del Balzo, any word escapes
The sanctuary of consciences ? the throne
Of grace and mercy on our earth below ?
The purifier, the confessional ?
So then ! some powerful ones are apprehended
For what they did ! O merciful Del Balzo !
Be sparing of a woman's blood, Del Balzo !
And age hath claims upon our pity too ;
And so hath youth, alas ! and early ties
Suddenly broken shock far round about.
Beside ; who knows ? . . thou canst not certainly . .

If any can . . they may be innocent,
Each of the three, one more, one less, perhaps :
Innocent should be all whose guilt lacks proof.
O my poor child Andrea, pardon me !
Thou wouldst not have sought blood for blood, Andrea !
Thou didst love all these women ! most of all
Her . . but there's justice, even on earth, Andrea ! [*Goes.*

DEL BALZO.

'Tis so ! that stern proud bosom bursts with grief.

SCENE V.

MARIA.

Ah why, Del Balzo, have you let come in
The filthy monk, Fra Rupert ? He has frightened
Sancia Terlizzi almost into fainting.
And tell me by what right hath he or any
Ordered her up into her room, and taken
Her mother down below, into those chambers
Which we have always been forbid to enter ?

DEL BALZO.

Perhaps to ask some questions ; for the queen
Ought to be satisfied.

MARIA.

Then let me go
And ask her : she would tell me in a moment
What they will never get from her.

DEL BALZO.

Perhaps,
O princess ! you may have mistaken.

MARIA.

No ;

I never was mistaken in Filippa.
Rudeness can neither move nor discompose her :
A word, a look, of kindness, instantly
Opens her heart and brings her cheek upon you.

DEL BALZO.

The countess has more glorious qualities
Than noble birth has given any else.
Whether her heart has all that tenderness . . .

MARIA.

Is my heart tender ?

DEL BALZO.

Be it not too tender,
Or it may suffer much, and speedily,
And undeservedly. The queen your sister,
Gentle as you, hath fortitude.

MARIA.

Giovanna
Is tenderer than I am ; she sheds tears
Oftener than I do, tho' she hides them better.

DEL BALZO.

I saw their traces : but more royally
Never shone courage upon grief suppress.

MARIA.

The lovely platane in the garden-walk
Catches the sun upon her buds half-open,
And looks the brightest where unbarkt and scathed.
O find them out who have afflicted her
With that most cruel blow.

DEL BALZO.

'Tis what she bade me,
And what I am now hastening to perform.

[Goes.

GIOVANNA enters.

MARIA.

Courage, Giovanna ! courage, my sweet sister !
Del Balzo will find out those wicked men.
O ! I forgot to tell him what assistance
Fra Rupert might afford him. Every crime
Is known to him. But certainly Fra Rupert,
Who loved Andrea so, will never cease
Until he find the slayer of his friend:
Ah my poor sister ! if you had but heard
The praises of Del Balzo, you would soon
Resume your courage and subdue your tears.

GIOVANNA.

Before Del Balzo, sister, I disdain
To show them or to speak of them. Be mine
Hid from all eyes ! God only knows their source,
Their truth or falsehood. In the light of day
Some lose their bitterness, run smoothly on,
And catch compassion, leisurely, serenely :
Never will mine run thus : my sorrows lie
In my own breast ; my fame rests upon others,
Who throw it from them now the blast has nipt it.
'Tis ever so. Applauses win applauses,
Crowds gather about crowds, the solitary
Are shunned as lepers and in haste past by.

MARIA.

But we will not be solitary ; we
Are not so easy to pass by in haste ;
We are not very leper-looking.

GIOVANNA.

Cease,
Maria ! nothing on this earth so wounds

The stricken bosom as such sportiveness,
Or weighs worn spirits down like levity.
Give me your hand . . . Reproof is not reproach.
I might have done the same . . . how recently !

MARIA.

Hark ! what is all that outcry ?

GIOVANNA.

'Tis for him
Whom we have lost.

MARIA.

But angry voices mixt
With sorrowful ?

GIOVANNA.

To him both due alike.

SCENE VI.

SPINELLO *enters*.

SPINELLO.

Hungarian troops throng every street and lane,
Driving before them the infirm, the aged,
The children, of both sexes.

GIOVANNA.

Shelter them.

SPINELLO.

Such is the hope of those base enemies,
That, unprovided for defence, the castle
May fall into their hands : and very quickly,
Unless we drive them back, our scanty stores
Leave us exhausted.

GIOVANNA.

Dost thou fear, Spinello ?

SPINELLO.

I dō : but if my sovran bids me bare
This breast of armure and assail her foes,
Soon shall she see what fears there lie within.

GIOVANNA.

Let me too have my fears, nor worse than thine,
Loyal and brave Spinello ! Dare I ask
Of God my daily bread nor give it those
Whose daily prayers have earned it for us all ?
I dare not. Throw wide open every gate
And stand between the last of my poor people
And those who drive them in.

SPINELLO.

We then are lost.

GIOVANNA.

Not from God's sight, nor theirs who look to God.

MARIA.

O sister ! may that smile of yours be parent
Of many. It sinks back, and dies upon
The lovely couch it rose from. (*DEL BALZO enters*). I will go:
Del Balzo looks, I think, more stern than ever.

GIOVANNA.

Del Balzo, I perceive thou knowest all,
And pitiest my condition. [*DEL BALZO amazed.*]

SPINELLO.

'Standest thou,
Lookest thou, thus, before thy sovran, sir?

GIOVANNA.

Be friends, be friends, and spare me one affront.
Wiser it were, and worthier, to devise
How tumults may be quell'd than how increast.
On your discretion lies your country's weal.

[*Goes*]

SPINELLO.

Ugo del Balzo ! thou art strong in war,
Strong in alliances, in virtue strong,
But dar'est thou, before the queen, before
The lowest of the loyal, thus impute
With brow of scorn and figure fixt aslant,
Atrocious crimes to purity angelic ?

DEL BALZO.

Heard'st thou her words and askest thou this question ?
Spinello ! nor in virtue nor in courage
(Our best alliances) have I pretence
To stand before thee. Chancellor thou art,
And, by the nature of thy office, should'st
Have undertaken my most awful duty :
Why didst thou not ?

SPINELLO.

Because the queen herself
Will'd otherwise ; because her chancellor,
She thought, might vindicate some near unduly.

DEL BALZO.

She thought so ? what ! of thee ?

SPINELLO.

Thus it appears.
But on this subject never word escaped
Her lips to me : her own pure spirit frankly
Suggested it : her delicacy shunn'd
All explanation, lacking no excuse.
Thou askest if I heard her at thy entrance :
I heard her, like thyself. The words before
Thou didst not hear ; I did. Her last appeal
Was for the wretched driven within the castle,
And doom'd to pine or force us to surrender.

K

For them she call'd upon thee, never else,
To pity her condition.

DEL BALZO.

Pardon me !

I have much wrong'd her. Yet, among the questioned
Were strange confessions. One alone spake scornfully
Amid her tortures.

SPINELLO.

Is the torture, then,
The tongue of Truth ?

DEL BALZO.

For once, I fear, 'tis not.

SPINELLO.

It was Giovanna's resolute design
To issue her first edict thro' the land
Abolishing this horrid artifice,
Whereby the harden'd only can escape.
" The cruel best bear cruelty," said she,
" And those who often have committed it
May once go thro' it."

DEL BALZO.

And would'st thou, Spinello !
Thus lay aside the just restraints of law,
Abolishing what wise and holy men
Raised for the safeguard of society ?

SPINELLO.

The holy and the wise have done such things
As the unwise and the unholy shrink at.

DEL BALZO.

It might be thought a hardship in a country
Where laws want ingenuity ; where scales,
Bandage, and sword, alone betoken Justice.

Ill-furbisht ineffective armury,
With nothing but cross-shooting shafts of words !

SPINELLO.

Since every deed like torture must afflict
A youthful breast, so mild, so sensitive,
Trust it to me, and we will then devise
How the event may best be laid before her.

DEL BALZO.

A clue was given by unwilling hands,
Wherewith we entered the dark narrow chambers
Of this strange mystery. Filippa first,
Interrogated if she knew the murderer,
Denied it : then, if she suspected any ;
“ I do,” was her reply. Whom ? She was silent.
Where should suspicion now (tell me, Spinello !)
Wander or fix ? I askt her if the queen
Was privy to the deed. Then swell'd her scorn.
Again I askt her, and I show'd the rack.
“ Throw me upon it : I will answer thence.”
Said with calm voice Filippa. She was rackt.
Screams from all round fill'd the whole vault. “ See, children !
How those who fear their God and love their prince
Can bear this childish cruelty,” said she.
Altho' no other voice escaped, the men
Trembled, the women wail'd aloud. “ To-morrow,”
Said I, “ Filippa ! thou must answer Justice.
Release her.” Stil the smile was on her face :
She was releast : Death had come down and saved her.

SPINELLO.

Faithfullest friend of the unhappy ! plead
For us whose duty was to plead for thee !
Thou art among the Blessed ! On, Del Balzo !

DEL BALZO.

Sancia, her daughter's child . . .

SPINELLO.

The playful Sancia ?

Whose fifteenth birthday we both kept together . . .

Was it the sixth or seventh of last March ? . . .

Terlizzi's bride two months ago ?

DEL BALZO.

The same.

SPINELLO.

And the same fate ?

DEL BALZO.

She never had seen Death :

She thought her cries could drive him off again,

Thought her soft lips might have relaxt the rigid,

And her warm tears . . .

SPINELLO.

Del Balzo ! wert thou there ?

Or tearest thou such dreamery from some book,

If any book contain such ?

DEL BALZO.

I was there ;

And what I saw I ordered to be done.

Justice would have it ; Justice smote my heart,

Justice sustained it too.

SPINELLO.

Her husband would

Rather have died than hear one shriek from Sancia.

DEL BALZO.

So all men would : for never form so lovely

Lighted the air around it.

SPINELLO.

Let us go
And bear her home.

DEL BALZO.

To me the way lies open ;
But much I fear, Spinello, the Hungarians
Possess all avenue to thy escape.

SPINELLO.

Escape is not the word for me, my friend.
I had forgotten the Hungarians
(It seems) the queen, myself, captivity . .
I may not hence : relate then if more horrors
Succeeded.

DEL BALZO.

When Terlizzi saw Filippa
Lie stiff before him, and that gentle bride
Chafing her limbs, and shrinking with loud yells
Whenever her soft hand felt some swoln sinew,
In hopes to finish here and save all else,
He cried aloud, " Filippa was the murderess."
At this she darted at him such a glance
As the mad only dart, and fell down dead.
" 'Tis false ! 'tis false !" cried he. " Speak, Sancia, speak !
Or hear me say 'tis false." They dragg'd away
The wavering youth, and fixt him. There he lies,
With what result of such inconstancy
I know not, but am going to inquire . .
If we detect the murderers, all these pains
Are well inflicted.

SPINELLO.

But if not ?

DEL BALZO.

The Laws
Have done their duty and struck fear thro' all

SPINELLO.

Alas ! that duty seems their only one.

DEL BALZO.

Among the first 'tis surely. I must go
And gather up fresh evidence. Farewell,
Spinello !

SPINELLO.

May good angels guide your steps !
Farewell ! That Heaven should give the merciless
So much of power, the merciful so little !

ACT II.

SCENE I. CASTEL-NUOVO.

GIOVANNA AND MARIA.

MARIA.

I do not like these windows. Who can see
What passes under? Never were contrived
Cleverer ones for looking at the sky,
Or hearing our Hungarians to advantage.
I cannot think their songs are pastorals;
They may be; if they are, they are ill-set.
Will nothing do, Giovanna? Raise your eyes;
Embrace your sister.

GIOVANNA.

So, you too, Maria!
Have turgid eyes, and feign the face of joy.
Never will joy be more with us . . with you
It may be . . O God grant it! but me! me,
Whom good men doubt, what pleasure can approach?

MARIA.

If good men all were young men, we might shudder
At silly doubts, like other silly things
Not quite so cold to shudder at.

GIOVANNA.

Again,
Maria! I am now quite changed; I am
Your sister as I was, but O remember
I am (how lately!) my Andrea's widow.

MARIA.

I wish our little Sancia would come hither

With her Terlizzi . . those inseparables !
We scarcely could get twenty words from them
All the day long ; we caught them after dinner,
And lost them suddenly as evening closed.

GIOVANNA.

Send for her. But perhaps she is with Filippa . .

MARIA.

Learning sedateness in the matron life.

GIOVANNA.

Or may-be with the queen whose name she bears,
And who divides her love, not equally
With us, but almost equally.

MARIA.

If so,
No need to seek her ; for the queen went forth
To San Lorenzo at the dawn of day,
And there upon the pavement she implores
Peace for the dead, protection for the living.

GIOVANNA.

O may her prayers be heard !

MARIA.

If piety
Avails the living or the dead, they will.

GIOVANNA.

How, how much calmer than thy sweetest smile
Has that thought made me ! Evermore speak so,
And life will almost be as welcome to me
As death itself.

MARIA.

When sunshine glistens round,
And friends, as young as we are, sit beside us,

We smile at Death . . one rather grim indeed
And whimsical, but not disposed to hurt us . .
And give and take fresh courage. But, sweet sister!
The days are many when he is unwelcome,
And you will think so too another time.
'Tis chiefly in cold places, with old folks,
His features seem prodigiously amiss.
But Life looks always pleasant, sometimes more
And sometimes less so, but looks always pleasant,
And, when we cherish him, repays us well.
Sicily says it is the worst of sin
To cast aside what God hath given us,
And snatch at what he may hereafter give
In its due season . . scourges, and such comforts,
Cupboarded for Old-age. Youth has her games;
We are invited, and should ill refuse.
On all these subjects our sweet Sicily
Discourses with the wisdom of a man.
You are not listening: what avails our wisdom?

GIOVANNA.

To keep afloat that buoyant little bark
Which swells endanger. O may never storm
O'ertake it! never worm unseen eat thro'!

MARIA.

I wish we were away from these thick walls,
And these high windows, and these church-like ceilings,
Without a cherub to look down on us,
Or play a prank up there, with psalter-book,
Or bishop's head, or fiddle, or festoon.

GIOVANNA.

Be satisfied awhile: the nobler rooms
Are less secure against the violence
Of those Hungarians.

MARIA.

I saw one who bowed
Graceful as an Italian. "Send away
The men below," said I, "then bow again,
And we will try which bows most gracefully."

GIOVANNA.

My giddy, giddy sister!

MARIA.

May my head
Be ever so, if crowns must steady it!

GIOVANNA.

He might have thought . .

MARIA.

Not he; he never thinks.
He bowed and shook his head. His name is Psein.
Often hath he been here on guard before:
You must remember him.

GIOVANNA.

No, not by name.

MARIA.

Effeminate and vain we fancied him,
Because he always had a flower in hand,
Or with his fingers combed his forehead hair.

GIOVANNA.

No little merit in that sullen race.

MARIA.

If he has merit I will bring it out.

GIOVANNA.

Resign that idle notion. Power is lost
By showing it too freely. When I want
His services, I order them. We part.

Too large a portion of the hour already
Has been among the living. Now I go
To other duties for the residue
Of this sad day.

MARIA.

Unwelcome is Maria
Where sorrow is?

GIOVANNA.

Her sorrow is unwelcome ;
Let me subdue my own ; then come and join me.
Thou knowest where the desolate find one
Who never leaves them desolate.

[Goes.

MARIA.

'Tis hard
To linger here alone.

OFFICER.

The Seneschal
Of Naples, Acciajoli.

SCENE II.

ACCIAJOLI and MARIA.

ACCIAJOLI.

By command
Of our most gracious queen, O royal lady !
I come for yours.

MARIA.

That is, to bear me company.

ACCIAJOLI.

Such only as the humblest bear the highest.

MARIA.

Seneschal ! you excel the best in phrases.

You might let others be before you there,
Content to shine in policy and war.

ACCIAJOLI.

I have been placed where others would have shone.

MARIA.

Come, do not beat me now in modesty.
Had I done anything, I might not boast,
Nor should I think I was improving it
By telling an untruth and looking down.
I do not like our lodgement, nor much wish
To see an arrow quivering in that wainscote :
The floors are well enough ; I would not see them
Paved with smooth pebbles from Hungarian slings.
Cannot you send those soldiers to their quarters ?

ACCIAJOLI.

In vain have I attempted it.

MARIA.

Send Psein
To me.

ACCIAJOLI.

He, like the rest, is an insurgent.
Civilest of barbarians, yet may Psein
(With horror I must utter it) refuse.

MARIA.

Fear of refusal has lost many a prize. [ACCIAJOLI goes.
I hope the Seneschal will go himself,
Not send another. How I wisht to ask it !
But, at my years, to hint an act of delicacy
Is too indelicate. He has seen courts,
Turn'd over their loose leaves (each more than half
Illumination, dulness the remainder),
And knows them from the cover to the core.

SCENE III.

PSEIN, *conducted by ACCIAJOLI, who retires.*

The queen commands my presence here.

MARIA.

The queen

Desired your presence ; I alone command it.

Eyes have seen *you*, commander Psein !

PSEIN.

Impossible !

MARIA.

Yes, eyes have seen you, general Psein ! they have,

And seen that they can trust you.

PSEIN.

By my troth

To all that's lovely !

MARIA.

Ah, sad man ! swear not . .

Unless you swear my words.

PSEIN.

To hear and swear

And treasure them within this breast, is one.

MARIA (*PSEIN repeating*).

" I swear to love and honour and obey " . .

Ha ! not the hand . . it comes not quite so soon .

PSEIN.

I have but little practice in the form ;

Pardon me, gracious lady !

MARIA.

Earn your pardon

By your obedience. Now repeat again.

" Whatever perils may obstruct her path,

I give safe conduct to my royal mistress,

Giovanna, queen of Naples." (*He starts.*) Have you taken Me for my sister all this while? I told you It was not she commanded you, 'twas I.

PSEIN.

Oaths are sad things ! I trot to church so seldom They would not let me out of mine for little (Not they !) like any good old customer.

MARIA.

And so ! you would deceive me, general ?

PSEIN, *aside.*

I am appointed : that sounds well : but general ! She said the same before : it must be true.

MARIA.

Tell me at once, nor hesitate. Another May reap the harvest while you whet the sickle.

PSEIN.

But I have sworn to let none pass, before The will of my superiors be announced.

MARIA.

Behold them here ! their shadow fills this palace, And in my voice, sir, is their will announced.

PSEIN.

I swore.

MARIA.

I heard you.

PSEIN.

But before.

MARIA.

Before
Disloyalty, now loyalty. Are brave
And gallant men to ponder in the choice ?

PSEIN.

Devoted as I am to you, O lady !
It cannot be.

MARIA.

Is that the phrase of Psein ?
We love the marvellous ; we love the man
Who shows how things which cannot be can be.
Give me this glove again upon the water,
And queen Giovanna shall reward you for it.

PSEIN.

Upon the water or upon the fire,
The whirlpool or volcano . . By bad luck
(What fools men are ! they always make their own !)
The troops are in revolt. Pride brightens zeal
But not invention. How shall we contrive
To manage them at present ?

MARIA.

Tell the troops
We will have no revolts. Sure, with your powers
Of person and persuasion, not a man
Would hesitate to execute his duty.

PSEIN.

We are but three . .

MARIA.

We are but two : yet, Psein !
When two are resolute they are enough.
Now I am resolute, and so are you,
And if those soldiers dare to disobey
It is rank mutiny and halbert-matter.
Await the Seneschal : he now returns.

[Goes.

PSEIN.

She knows the laws of war as well as I,
And looks a young Minerva, tho' of Naples.

SCENE IV.

ACCIAJOLI and PSEIN.

ACCIAJOLI.

Sorrow and consternation are around.

PSEIN.

Men could not have cried louder had they lost
Policinello, who begets them fun,
While princes but beget them blows and taxes.
When will they see things straightly, and give these
Their proper station ?

ACCIAJOLI.

Have you not *your* king ?

PSEIN.

O ! quite another matter ! We have ours,
True ; but his taxes are for us ; and then
The blows . . we give and take them, as may happen.

ACCIAJOLI.

We too may do the same, another day.

[PSEIN *expresses contempt.*]

So ! you imagine that your arms suffice
To keep this kingdom down ! War is a game
Not of skill only, not of hazard only,
No, nor of both united.

PSEIN.

What the ball
Is stult with, I know not, nor ever lookt ;
I only know it is the very game
I like to play at.

ACCIAJOLI.

Many are the chances.

PSEIN.

Without the chances I would throw it up.
Play me at Naples only five to one,
I take the odds.

ACCIAJOLI.

All are not Neapolitans.

PSEIN.

Then strike off three.

ACCIAJOLI.

Some Normans.

PSEIN.

Then my sword
Must be well whetted and my horse well fed,
And my poor memory well poked for prayers.
And, hark ye! I should like one combatant
As well as twenty, of that ugly breed.
Lord Seneschal, be ready at your post.

ACCIAJOLI.

I trust I shall be.

PSEIN.

At what hour?

ACCIAJOLI.

Not yet.

PSEIN.

Ay, but the queen must fix it.

ACCIAJOLI.

She inclines
To peace.

PSEIN.

I know it; but for flight ere peace.

ACCIAJOLI.

Flight is not in the movements of our queen.

L

PSEIN.

Departure then.

ACCIAJOLI.

Sir! should she will departure,
Breasts are not wanting to repell the charge
Of traitor or intruder.

PSEIN.

Here is one,
Lord Seneschal! as ready to defend her
As any mail'd with iron or claspt with gold.
Doubtest thou? Doubt no longer. *[Shows the glove.]*

ACCIAJOLI.

Whose is that?

PSEIN.

The names we venerate we rarely speak;
And love beats veneration out and out.
I will restore it at the vessel's side,
And ask it back again when she is safe
And the less happy lady whom you serve.
It then behoves me to retrace my steps
And rally my few countrymen for safety.

SCENE V.

A HERALD enters. PSEIN goes.

ACCIAJOLI.

Whence come you, sir?

HERALD.

From Gaeta.

ACCIAJOLI.

What duty?

HERALD.

To see the queen.

ACCIAJOLI.

The queen you cannot see :
Her consort died too lately.

HERALD.

Therefor I
Must see the queen.

ACCIAJOLI.

If you bring ought that throws
Light upon that dark treason, speak at once.

HERALD.

The light must fall from Rome. Colà Rienzi,
Tribune of Rome, and arbiter of justice
To Europe, tarrying on the extremest verge
Of our dominions, to inspect the castles,
Heard the report, brought with velocity
Incredible, which man gave man along
The land, and ship gave ship along the coast.

ACCIAJOLI.

Then 'twas prepared : and those who sprad the news
Perpetrated the deed.

HERALD.

Such promptitude
Could not escape the Tribune. He demands
The presence of Giovanna queen of Naples,
To plead her cause before him.

ACCIAJOLI.

Is Rienzi
A king? above a king?

HERALD.

Knowest thou not
Rienzi is the tribune of the people?

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ACCIAJOLI.

Sir ! we have yet to learn by what authority
He regulates the destiny of princes.

HERALD.

The wisest men have greatly more to learn
Than ever they have learnt : there will be children
Who in their childhood shall know more than we do.
Lord Seneschal ! I am but citizen
In my own city, nor among the first,
But I am herald here, and, being herald,
Let no man dare to question me. The king
Of Hungary is cited to appear,
Since in his name are accusations made
By some at Naples, which your queen must answer.

ACCIAJOLI.

Her dignity and wisdom will decide.
I am well pleas'd that those around the castle
Threw no obstruction in your way.

HERALD.

The soldiers
Resisted my approach ; but instantly
Two holy friars sprad out their arms in front,
And they disparted like the Red-sea waves,
And groundd arms before me.

ACCIAJOLI.

Then no hinderance
To our most gracious queen, should she comply ?

HERALD.

None ; for Rienzi's name is spell against it.

GIOVANNA, *enters.*

O ! is there one to hear me patiently ?
Let me fly to him !

ACCIAJOLI.

Hath our sovran heard
The order of Rienzi?

GIOVANNA.

Call it not
An order, lest my people be incenst.

HERALD.

Lady! if plainly hath been understood
The subject of my mission, the few words
Containing it may be unredd by me.
Therefor I place them duly in the hands
Of the lord seneschal. With brief delay
Your presence were desirable.

GIOVANNA.

What time
Return you, sir?

HERALD.

This evening.

GIOVANNA.

And by sea?

HERALD.

In the same bark which brought me.

GIOVANNA.

If some ship
More spacious be now lying at the mole,
I will embark in that; if not, in yours,
And we will sail together. You have power
Which I have not in Naples; and the troops,
And those who seem to guide them, hear your words.

HERALD.

Lady! not mine; but there are some they hear.

GIOVANNA.

Entreat them to let pass the wretched ones
Who fancied I could succour them within,
Whom famine must soon seize. Until they pass
I cannot. Dear is Fame to me ; but far
Be Fame that stalks to us o'er hurried graves.
Lord Seneschal ! see Rome's ambassador
Be duly honored : then, whatever else
Is needful for departure, be prepared.

ACT III.

SCENE I. ROME. CAPITOL.

RIENZI *and the POPE's NUNCIO.*

NUNCIO.

With infinite affliction, potent Tribune !
The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontif
Learns that Andrea, prince of Hungary,
Hath, in the palace of Aversa, been
Traiterously slain. Moreover, potent Tribune !
The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontif
Hears sundry accusations : and, until
The guilt or innocence of those accused
Be manifested, in such wise as He,
The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontif,
Shall deem sufficient, he requires that troops
March from his faithful city, and possess
Otranto and Taranto, Brindisi
And Benevento, Capua and Bari,
Most loving cities, and most orthodox.
And some few towns and villages beside,
Yearning for peace in his paternal breast,
He would especially protect from tumult.
Laying his blessing on your head thro' me
The humblest of his servitors, thus speaks
The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontif.

RIENZI (*seated*).

Lord Cardinal ! no truer stay than me
Hath, on Italian or Provenzal ground,

The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontif.
The cares that I have taken off his hands
The wisdom of his Holiness alone
Can measure and appreciate. As for troops,
That wisdom, seeing them so far remote,
Perhaps may judge somewhat less accurately.
The service of his Holiness requires
All these against his barons. Now, until
I hear the pleas of Hungary and Naples,
My balance is suspended. Those few cities,
Those towns and villages, awhile must yearn
For foren troops among them ; but meantime
Having the blessing of his Holiness,
May wait contentedly for an
His Holiness shall opportunely grant.
Kissing the foot of his Beatitude,
Such, my lord Cardinal, is the reply
From his most faithful Colà di Rienzi,
Unworthy tribune of his loyal city.

NUNCIO.

We may discuss anew this weighty question
On which his Holinesses heart is moved.

RIENZI.

If allocution be permitted me
To his most worthy Nuncio, let me say
The generous bosom would enfold about it
The friend, the neighbour, the whole human race,
And scarcely then rest satisfied. With all
These precious coverings round it, poisonous tongues
Can penetrate. We lowly men alone
Are safe, and hardly we. Who would believe it?
People have heretofore been mad enough
To feign ambition (of all deadly sins

Surely the deadliest) in our lord the pope's
Protecting predecessors ! Their paternal
Solicitude these factious thus denounced.
Ineffable the pleasure I foretaste
In swearing to his Holiness what calm
Reluctance you exhibited ; the same
His Holiness himself might have exprest,
In bending to the wishes of those cities
So orthodox and loving ; and how fully
You manifested, by your faint appeal,
You sigh as deeply to decline, as they
Sigh in their fears and fondness to attain. [NUNCIO *going*.
Help my lord cardinal . . this weather brings
Stiffness of joints, rheums, shooting pains . . Way there !

SCENE II. CAPITOL.

RIENZI, ACCIAJOLI, PETRARCA, and BOCCACCIO.

BOCCACCIO.

If there was ever upon throne one mind
More pure than other, one more merciful,
One better stored with wisdom, of its own
And carried from without, 'tis hers, the queen's.
Exert, my dear Francesco, all that eloquence
Which kings and senates often have obeyed
And nations have applauded.

PETRARCA.

My Boccaccio !
Thou knowest Rome, thou knowest Avignon :
Altho' so brief a time the slave of power,
Rienzi is no longer what he was,

Popes are what they have ever been. They all
Have families for dukedoms to obey.

BOCCACCIO.

O! had each holy father twenty wives
And each wife twenty children! then twere hard
To cut out dukedoms for so many mouths,
And the well-fur'd tiara could not hatch
So many golden goose-eggs under it.

PETRARCA.

We must unite our efforts.

BOCCACCIO.

Mine could add
Little to yours: I am not eloquent.

PETRARCA.

Thou never hast received from any court
Favour or place; I, presents and preferments.

BOCCACCIO.

I am but little known: for dear to me
As fame is, odious is celebrity.

PETRARCA.

I see not why it should be.

BOCCACCIO.

If no eyes
In the same head are quite alike, ours may
Match pretty well, yet somewhat differ too.

PETRARCA.

Should days like yours waste far from men and friends?

BOCCACCIO.

Leave me one flame; then may my breast dilate
To hold, at last, two (or almost two) friends:
One would content me: but we must, forsooth,
Speculate on more riches than we want.
Moreover, O Francesco! I should shrink

From scurril advocate, cross questioning
Whom knew I in the palace? whence my knowledge?
How long? where first? whence introduced? for what?
Since, in all law-courts I have ever entered,
The least effrontery, the least dishonesty,
Has lain among the prosecuted thieves.

PETRARCA.

We cannot now much longer hesitate;
He hath his eye upon us.

BOCCACCIO.

Not on me;
He knows me not.

PETRARCA.

On me it may be then,
Altho some years, no few, have intervened
Since we last met.

BOCCACCIO.

But frequent correspondence
Retains the features, nay, brings back the voice;
The very shoe creaks when the letter opens.

PETRARCA.

Rienzi was among those friends who sooner
Forget than are forgotten.

BOCCACCIO.

They who rise
Lose sight of things below, while they who fall
Grasp at and call for anything to help.

PETRARCA.

I own I cease to place reliance on him.
Virtue and Power take the same road at first,
But they soon separate, and they meet no more.

USHER.

The Tribune, ser Francesco! claims your presence.

RIENZI.

Petrarca ! pride of Italy ! most welcome !

PETRARCA.

Tribune of Rome ! I bend before the fasces.

RIENZI.

No graver business in this capitol,
Or in the forum underneath its walls,
Or in the temples that once rose between,
Engaged the thoughts of Rome. No captive queen
Comes hither, none comes tributary, none
Courting dominion or contesting crown.
Thou knowest who submits her cause before
The majesty that reigns within this court.

PETRARCA.

Her, and her father, and his father, knew I,
Nor three more worthy of my love and honor
(Tho born to royalty) adorn our earth.
Del Balzo hath supplied the facts : all doubts
On every side of them hath Acciajoli
Cleared up.

RIENZI.

But some will spring where others fall,
When intellect is strongly exercised.

PETRARCA.

The sources of our intellect lie deep
Within the heart ; what rises to the brain
Is spray and efflorescence ; they dry up.

RIENZI.

However, we must ponder. So then truly,
Petrarca ! thou dost think her innocent ?

PETRARCA.

Thou knowest she is innocent, Rienzi !

Write then thy knowledge higher than my belief :
The proofs lie there before thee.

RIENZI.

But these papers
Are ranged against them.

PETRARCA.

Weigh the characters
Of those who sign them.

RIENZI.

Here the names are wanting.

PETRARCA.

Remove the balance then, for none is needed.
Against Del Balzo, upright, stern, severe,
What evidence can struggle?

RIENZI.

From Del Balzo
The queen herself demands investigation
Into the crime, and bids him spare not one
Partaker.

PETRARCA.

Worthy of her race! Now ask
If I believe her guiltless.

RIENZI.

May we prove it!

ACCIAJOLI.

She shall herself, if needful. Should more answers
Be wanted from me, I am here before
That high tribunal where the greatest power
And wisdom are united ; where the judge
Gives judgment in the presence of such men
As Rome hath rarely seen in ancient days,
Never in later. What they hear, the world
Will hear thro future ages, and rejoice

That he was born in this, to raise an arm
Protecting such courageous innocence.

RIENZI.

Lord Seneschal of Naples, Acciajoli !
We have examined, as thou knowest, all
The documents before us, and regret
That death withholds from like examination
(Whether as witnesses or criminals)
Some inmates of your court, the most familiar
With queen Giovanna.

ACCIAJOLI.

Did she then desire
Their death ? as hidden enemies accuse her
Of one more awful. I presume the names
Of the young Sancia, count Terlizzi's bride,
And hers who educated that pure mind
By pointing out Giovanna, two years older,
Filippa of Catana.

RIENZI.

They are gone
Beyond our reach.

ACCIAJOLI.

Sent off, no doubt, by one
Who loved them most, who most loved her ! sent off
After their tortures, whether into Scotland
Or Norway or Laponia, the same hand
Who wrote those unsign'd papers, may set forth.

RIENZI.

I cannot know their characters.

ACCIAJOLI.

I know them
Loyal and wise and virtuous.

RIENZI.

But Filippa
Guided, 'tis said, the counsels of king Robert.

ACCIAJOLI.

And were those counsels evil? If they were,
How happens it that both in life and death
The good king Robert was his appellation?

RIENZI.

How many kings are thrust among the stars
Who had become the whipping-post much better?

ACCIAJOLI.

Was Robert one?

RIENZI.

We must confess that Robert
Struck down men's envy under admiration.

ACCIAJOLI.

If then Filippa guided him, what harm?

RIENZI.

She might have feared that youth would less obey
Her prudent counsels than experience did.

ACCIAJOLI.

Well might she: hence for many a year her cares
Have been devoted to our queen's instruction,
Together with queen Sancia, not without:
And neither of these ladies (I now speak
As president) have meddled with our councils.

RIENZI.

When women of low origin are guides
To potentates of either sex, 'tis ill.

ACCIAJOLI.

I might have thought so; but Filippa showed
That female wisdom much resembles male;
Gentler, not weaker; leading, not controlling.

Again ! O Tribune ! touching low estate.
More vigorously than off the downier cradle
From humble crib springs up the lofty mind.

RIENZI.

Strong arguments, and cogent facts, are these !
[*To an Usher.*]

Conduct the queen of Naples into court.

ACCIAJOLI.

That, by your leave, must be my office, sir !

SCENE III.

RIENZI, ACCIAJOLI, GIOVANNA, and PRIOR of the
CELESTINES.

RIENZI.

Giovanna, queen of Naples ! we have left you
A pause and space for sorrow to subside ;
Since, innocent or guilty, them who lose
So suddenly the partner of their hours,
Grief seizes on, in that dark interval.
Pause too and space were needful, to explore
On every side such proofs as may acquit
Of all connivance at the dreadful crime
A queen so wise, and held so virtuous,
So just, so merciful. It cannot be
(We hope) that she who would have swept away
Play-things of royal courts and monkish cells,
The instruments of torture, that a queen
Who in her childhood visited the sick,
Nor made a luxury or pomp of doing it,
Who placed her little hand, as we have heard,

In that where fever burnt, nor feared contagion,
Should slay her husband.

ACCIAJOLI.

Faintness overpowers her,
Not guilt. The racks you spoke of, O Rienzi !
You have applied, and worse than those you spoke of.

RIENZI.

Gladly I see true friends about her.

ACCIAJOLI.

Say

About her not ; say in her breast she finds
The only friend she wants . . her innocence.

RIENZI.

People of Rome ! your silence, your attention,
Become you. With like gravity our fathers
Beheld the mighty and adjudged their due.
Sovran of Naples, Piedemont, and Provence,
Among known potentates what other holds
Such wide dominions as this lady here,
Excepting that strong ilander whose sword
Has cut France thro', and lies o'er Normandy,
Anjou, Maine, Poictou, Brittany, Touraine,
And farthest Gascony ; whose hilt keeps down
The Grampians, and whose point the Pyrenees.
Listen ! she throws aside her veil, that all
May hear her voice, and mark her fearless mien.

GIOVANNA.

I say not, O Rienzi ! I was born
A queen ; nor say I none but God alone
Hath right to judge me. Every man whom God
Endows with judgement arbitrates my cause.
For of that crime am I accused which none
Shall hide from God or man. All are involved

M

In guilt who aid, or screen, or spare, the guilty.
Speak, voice of Rome ! absolve me or condemn,
As proof, or, proof being absent, probability,
Points on the scroll of this dark tragedy.
Speak, and spare not : fear nought but mighty minds,
Nor those but moving in God's shadow, truth.

RIENZI.

Well hast thou done, O queen ! and wisely chosen
Judge and defenders. Thro these states shall none
Invade thy realm. I find no crime in thee.
Hasten to Naples ! for against its throne
Ring powerful arms and menace thy return.

[ACCIAJOLI leads the Queen out.]

PRIOR OF THE CELESTINES.

Thou findest in that wily queen no crime.
So be it ! and 'tis well. But, tribune, know,
Ill chosen are the praises thou bestowest
On her immunity from harm, in touching
The fevered and infected. She was led
Into such places by unholy hands.
I come not an accuser : I would say
Merely, that Queen Giovanna was anointed
By the most potent sorceress, Filippa
The Catanese.

RIENZI.

Anointed Queen ?

PRIOR.

Her palms
Anointed, so that evil could not touch them.
Filippa, with some blacker spirits, helpt
To cure the sick, or comfort them unduly.

RIENZI.

Among the multitude of sorceresses

I find but very few such sorceries,
And, if the Church permitted, would forgive them.

PRIOR.

In mercy we, in mercy, should demur.

RIENZI.

How weak is human wisdom ! what a stay
Is such stout wicker-work about the fold !

PRIOR.

Whether in realms of ignorance, in realms
By our pure light and our pure faith unblest,
Or where the full effulgence bursts from Rome,
No soul, not one upon this varied earth,
Is unbeliever in the power of sorcery :
How certain then its truth, the universal
Tongue of mankind, from east to west, proclaims.

RIENZI.

With reverential and submissive awe,
People of Rome ! leave we to holy Church
What comes not now before us, nor shall come,
While matters which our judgements can decide
Are questioned, while crown'd heads are bowed before us.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. RIENZI'S OWN APARTMENT IN THE
CAPITOL.RIENZI, FRIAR ANSELMO, *and poor* NEAPOLITANS.

RIENZI.

Who creeps there yonder with his fingers folded?
Hither; what wantest thou? who art thou, man?

ANSELMO.

The humblest of the humble, your Anselmo.

RIENZI.

Mine?

ANSELMO.

In all duty.

RIENZI.

Whence art thou?

ANSELMO.

From Naples.

RIENZI.

What askest thou?

ANSELMO.

In the most holy names
Of Saint Euphemia and Saint Cunigund!
And in behalf of these poor creatures ask I
Justice and mercy.

RIENZI.

On what count?

ANSELMO.

On life.

RIENZI.

Who threatens it in Rome?

ANSELMO.

In Rome none dare,
Under the guardianship of your tribunal.
But Naples is abandoned to her fate
By those who ruled her. Those, alas ! who ruled her
Heaven has abandoned. Crimes, outrageous crimes,
Have swept them from their people. We alone
In poverty are left for the protection
Of the more starving populace. O hear,
Merciful Tribune ! hear their cries for bread !

[All cry out.]

ANSELMO, to them.

Ye should not have cried now, ye fools ! and choak ye !

RIENZI.

That worthy yonder, looks well satisfied.
All of him, but his shoulder, seems at ease.

ANSELMO.

Tommaso ! art thou satisfied ?

TOMMASO.

Not I.

A fish upon my bread, at least on Friday,
Had done my body and my soul some good,
And quickened one and t'other at thanksgiving.
Anchovies are rare cooks for garlic, master !

[To RIEZI.]

ANSELMO.

I sigh for such delusion.

RIENZI.

So do I.

How came they hither ?

ANSELMO.

By a miracle.

RIENZI.

My honest friends ! what can we do for you
At Rome ?

ANSELMO.

Speak. Does the devil gripe your tongues?

MOB.

We crave our daily bread from holy hands,
And from none other.

RIENZI.

Then your daily bread
Ye will eat hot, and delicately small.
Frate Anselmo, what means this?

ANSELMO.

It means,
O tribune! that the lady, late our queen,
Hath set aside broad lands and blooming gardens
For hospitals; which, with unrighteous zeal,
She builds with every church. There *Saint Antonio*
Beyond the gate of Capua! there *Saint Martin*
On *Mount Sant-Eremo*! there *Saint Maria*
Incoronata! All their hospitals!
No one hath monastery! no one nuns!

RIENZI.

Hard, hard upon you! But what means were yours
To bring so many supplicants so long
A journey with you?

ANSELMO.

'Twas a miracle.

RIENZI.

Miracles never are of great duration.
Hurry then back! Hurry ye while it lasts!
I would not spoil it with occult supplies,
I reverence holy men too much for that,
And leave them to the only power above them.
Possibly quails and manna may not cross you
If you procrastinate. But, setting out

To-morrow, by whichever gate seems luckiest,
And questioning your honest mules discreetly,
I boldly answer for it, ye shall find
By their mild winking (should they hold their tongues)
The coin of our lord Clement on the back
Of one or other, in some well-thonged scrip.

ANSELMO, *aside*.

Atheist !

TOMMASO.

Ah no, father ! Atheists
Never lift up their eyes as you and he do. [*Going together*.
I know one in a twinkling. For example,
Cosimo Cappa was one. He denied
A miracle his mother might have seen
Not twelve miles from his very door, when she
Was heavy with him ; and the saint who workt it,
To make him one, cost thirteen thousand ducats.
There was an atheist for you ! that same Cappa . .
I saw him burnt . . a fine fresh lusty man.
I warrant I remember it : I won
A heap of chesnuts on that day at morra.
A sad poor place this Rome ! look where you will,
No drying paste here dangles from the windows
Across the sunny street, to make it cheerful ;
And much I doubt if, after all its fame,
The nasty yellow river breeds anchovies.

SCENE II. RIENZI'S OWN APARTMENT IN THE
CAPITOL.

RIENZI *and his wife*.

RIENZI.

I have been sore perplext, and stil am so.

WIFE.

Yet falsehood drops from truth, as quicksilver
From gold, and ministers to purify it.

RIENZI.

The favour of the people is uncertain.

WIFE.

Gravely thou givest this intelligence.
Thus there are people in a northern ile
Who tell each other that the weather changes ;
And, when the sun shines, say the day looks bright ;
And, when it shines not, there are clouds above.

RIENZI.

Some little fief, some dukedom, we'll suppose,
Might shelter us against a sudden storm.

WIFE.

Not so : we should be crusht between two rocks,
The people and the barons. Both would hate thee,
Both call thee traitor, and both call thee truly.

RIENZI.

When we stand high, the shaft comes slowly up ;
We see the feather, not the point ; and that
Loses what venom it might have below.

WIFE.

I thought the queen of Naples occupied
Thy mind entirely.

RIENZI.

From the queen of Naples
My hopes originate. The pope is willing
To grant me an investiture when I
Have given up to him, by my decree,
Some of her cities.

WIFE.

Then it is untrue
Thou hast acquitted her of crime.

RIENZI.

I did ;
But may condemn her yet : the king of Hungary
Is yet unheard : there are strong doubts : who knows
But stronger may arise ! My mind misgives.
Tell me thou thinkest her in fault. One word
Would satisfy me.

WIFE.

Not in fault, thou meanest.

RIENZI

In fault, in fault, I say.

WIFE.

No, not in fault,
Much less so foully criminal.

RIENZI.

O could I
Absolve her !

WIFE.

If her guilt be manifest,
Absolve her not ; deliver her to death.

RIENZI.

From what the pope and king of Hungary
Adduce . . at present not quite openly . .
I must condemn her.

WIFE.

Dost thou deem her guilty ?

RIENZI.

O God ! I wish she were ! I must condemn her !

WIFE.

Husband ! art thou gone mad ?

RIENZI.

None are much else
Who mount so high, none can stand firm, none look

Without a fear of falling : and, to fall ! . .

No, no, 'tis not, 'tis not the worst disgrace.

WIFE.

What hast thou done ? Have thine eyes seen corruption ?

RIENZI.

Thinkest thou gold could move Rienzi ? gold

(Working incessantly demoniac miracles)

Could chain down Justice, or turn blood to water ?

WIFE.

Who scorns the ingot may not scorn the mine.

Gold may not move thee, yet what brings gold may.

Ambition is but Avarice in mail,

Blinder, and often weaker. Is there strength,

Cola ! or speed, in the oblique and wry ?

Of blood turn'd into water talkest thou ?

Take heed thou turn not water into blood

And show the pure impure. If thou do this,

Eternal is the stain upon thy hand ;

Freedom thro' thee will be the proud man's scoff,

The wise man's problem ; even the slave himself

Will rather bear the scourge than trust the snare.

Thou hast brought large materials, large and solid,

To build thy glory on : if equity

Be not the base, lay not one stone above.

Thou hast won influence over potent minds,

Relax it not. Truth is a tower of strength,

No Babel one . . it may be rais'd to heaven

And will not anger God.

RIENZI.

Who doubts my justice ?

WIFE.

Thyself. Who prosecutes the criminal ?

Thyself. Who racks the criminal ? Thyself.

Unhappy man ! how maim'd art thou ! what limb
Proportionate ! what feature undisfigured !
Go, bathe in porphyry . . thy leprosy
Will never quit thee : thou hast eaten fruit
That brings all sins, and leaves but death behind.

RIENZI.

But hear me.

WIFE.

I have heard thee, and such words
As one who loves thee never should have heard.

RIENZI.

I must provide against baronial power
By every aid, external and internal,
For, since my elevation, many friends
Have fallen from me.

WIFE.

Throw not off the rest.
What ! is it then enough to stand before
The little crags and sweep the lizards down
From their warm basking-place with idle wand,
While under them the drowsy panther lies
Twitching his paw in his dark lair, and waits
Secure of springing when thy back is turned ?
Popular power can stand but with the people :
Let them trust none a palm above themselves,
For sympathy in high degrees is frozen.

RIENZI.

Such are my sentiments.

WIFE.

Thy sentiments !
They were thy passion. Are they sentiments ?
Go ! there's the distaff in the other room.

RIENZI.

Thou blamed'st not what seemed ambition in me.

WIFE.

Because it gave thee power to bless thy country.
Stood tribunitial ever without right?
Sat ever papal without perfidy?
O tribune! tribune! whom weak woman teaches!
If thou deceivest men, go, next enslave them;
Else is no safety. Would'st thou that?

RIENZI.

To make

Any new road, some plants there must be crusht,
And not the higher only, here and there.
Whoever purposes great good, must do
Some partial evil.

WIFE.

Thou hast done great good
Without that evil yet. Power in its prime
Is beautiful, but sickened by excess
Collapses into loathsomeness; and scorn
Shrivels to dust its fierce decrepitude.

RIENZI.

Am I deficient then in manly deeds,
Or in persuasion?

WIFE.

Of all manly deeds
Oftentimes the most honest are the bravest,
And no persuasion so persuades as truth.

RIENZI.

Peace! peace! confound me not.

WIFE.

The brave, the wise,
The just, are never, even by foes, confounded.

Promise me but one thing. If in thy soul
Thou thinkest this young woman free from blame,
Thou wilt absolve her, openly, with honour,
Whatever Hungary, whatever Avignon,
May whisper or may threaten.

RIENZI.

If my power
Will bear it ; if the sentence will not shake
This scarlet off my shoulder.

WIFE.

Cola ! Cola !

SCENE III. TRIBUNAL IN THE CAPITOL.

RIENZI, CITIZENS, &c.

CITIZEN.

There is a banner at the gates.

RIENZI.

A banner !

Who dares hoist banner at the gates of Rome ?

CITIZEN.

A royal crown surmounts it.

RIENZI.

Down with it !

CITIZEN.

A king, 'tis said, bears it himself in hand.

RIENZI.

Trample it in the dust, and drag him hither.
What are those shouts ? Look forth.

USHER, *having lookt out.*

The people cry

Around four knights who bear a sable flag :
One's helm is fashioned like a kingly crown.

RIENZI.

Strike off his head who let the accursed symbol
Of royalty come within Roman gate :
See this be done : then bind the bold offenders.

[LEWIS of HUNGARY enters.]

Who art thou ?

LEWIS.

King of Hungary.

RIENZI.

What brings thee ?

LEWIS.

Tribune ! thou knowest well what brings me hither.
Fraternal love, insulted honour, bring me.
Thinkest thou I complain of empty forms
Violated to chafe me ? thinkest thou
Tis that I waited in the port of Triest
For invitation to my brother's wedding,
Nor invitation came, nor embassy ?
Now creaks the motive. Silly maskerade
Usurpt the place of tilt and tournament ;
No knight attended from without, save one,
Our cousin of Taranto : why he came,
Before all earth the dire event discloses.

RIENZI.

Lewis of Hungary ! it suits not us
To regulate the laws of chivalry
Or forms of embassies. We know there may be
Less folly in the lightest festival
Than in the sternest and severest war.
Patiently have we heard, as patiently

Hear thou, in turn, the accused as the accuser ;
Else neither aid nor counsel hope from me.

LEWIS.

I ask no aid of thee, I want no counsel,
I claim but justice : justice I will have,
I will have vengeance for my brother's death.

RIENZI.

My brother too was murdered. Was my grief
Less deep than thine ? If greater my endurance,
See what my patience brought me ! all these friends
Around, and thee, a prince, a king, before me.
Hear reason, as becomes a christian knight.

LEWIS.

Ye always say to those who suffer wrong,
Hear reason ! Is not that another wrong ?
He who throws fuel on a fiery furnace
Cries, *Wait my signal for it ! blaze not yet !*
Issue one edict more ; proclaim, O tribune,
Heat never shall be fire, nor fire be flame.

RIENZI.

King Lewis ! I do issue such an edict
(Absurd as thou mayest deem it) in this place.
Hell hath its thunders, loud and fierce as Heaven's,
Heaven is more great and glorious in its calm :
In this clear region is the abode of Justice.

LEWIS.

Was it well, tribune, to have heard the cause,
Nay and to have decided it, before
Both sides were here ? The murderess hath departed,
And may have won her city from the grasp
Of my brave people, who avenge their prince,
The mild Andrea. Justice I will have,
I will have vengeance.

RIENZI.

Every man may ask
If what I do is well: and angry tones,
Tho' unbecoming, are not unforgiven
Where virtuous grief bursts forth. But, king of Hungary,
We now will change awhile interrogations.
I ask thee was it well to bring with thee
Into our states a banner that blows up
The people into fury? and a people
Not subject to thy scepter or thy will?
We knew not of thy coming. When thy friends
In Naples urged us to decide the cause,
'Twas in thy name, as guardian to thy brother,
Bringing against the queen such accusations,
And so supported, that we ordered her
To come before us and defend herself.
She did it, nor delayed. The cardinal
Bishop of Orvieto and the Cardinal
Del Sangro on their part, on hers Del Balzo
And Acciajoli, have examined all
The papers, heard the witnesses, and signed
Their sentence under each. These we suggest
To the approval of thy chancery.

LEWIS.

Chanceries were not made for murderesses.

RIENZI.

I am not learned like the race of kings,
Yet doth my memory hold the scanty lore
It caught betimes, and there I find it written,
Not in Hungarian nor in Roman speech,
Vengeance is mine. We execute the laws
Against the disobedient, not against
Those who submit to our award. The queen

Of Naples hath submitted. She is free,
Unless new proof and stronger be adduced
To warrant her recall into my presence.

LEWIS.

Recall'd she shall be then, and proof adduced.

RIENZI.

We have detected falsehood in its stead.

LEWIS.

I will have justice, come it whence it may.

RIENZI.

Cecco Mancino ! read the law against
Those who accuse maliciously or lightly.

MANCINO *reads*.

" Who shall accuse another, nor make good
His accusation, shall incur such fine,
Or such infliction of the scourge, as that
False accusation righteously deserves."

RIENZI.

Fine cannot satisfy the wrongs that royalty
Receives from royalty.

LEWIS.

Wouldst thou inflict
The scourge on kings ?

RIENZI.

The lictor would, not I.

LEWIS.

What insult may we not expect ere long !
And yet we fare not worst from demagogues.
Those who have risen from the people's fist
Perch first upon their shoulders, then upon
Their heads, and then devour their addled brain.

RIENZI.

We have seen such of old.

N

LEWIS.

Hast thou seen one
True to his feeder where power whistled shriller,
Shaking the tassels and the fur before him ?

RIENZI.

History now grows rather dim with me,
And memory less vivacious than it was :
No time for hawks, no tendency to hounds !

LEWIS.

Cold sneers are your calm judgments ! Here at Rome
To raise false hopes under false promises
Is wisdom ! and on such do we rely !

RIENZI.

Wisdom with us is not hereditary,
Nor brought us from the woods in ermine-skins,
Nor pinned upon our tuckers ere we chew,
Nor offered with the whistle on bent knee,
But, King of Hungary ! we can and do
In some reward it and in all revere ;
We have no right to scoff at it, thou hast.
Cecco Mancino !

MANCINO.

Tribune most august !

RIENZI, *turning his back, and pointing to the eagles over his tribunal.*

Furl me that flag. Now place it underneath
The eagles there. When the king goes, restore it.

[*Walks down from the tribunal.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. PALACE ON THE SHORE NEAR NAPLES.

GIOVANNA, ACCIAJOLI, DEL BALZO, LUIGI OF TARANTO,
KNIGHTS.

ACCIAJOLI.

My queen ! behold in us your native land
And lawful realm again !

GIOVANNA.

But other sounds
Than greeted me in earlier days I hear,
And other sights I see ; no friends among them
Who guided me in childhood, warn'd in youth,
And were scathed off me when that thunderbolt
Fell down between us. Are they lost so soon !
So suddenly ! Why could they not have come ? (*To DEL BALZO.*
Where is Filippa ? where Terlizzi ? where
Maternal Sancia ?

DEL BALZO.

Such her piety,
Nor stranger nor insurgent hath presumed
To throw impediment before her steps.
For friends alike and enemies her prayers
Are daily heard among the helpless crowd,
But loudest for Giovanna ; at which name.
Alone she bends upon the marble floor
That saintly brow, and stirs the dust with sighs.

GIOVANNA, *to* ACCIAJOLI.

Arms only keep her from me. Whose are yonder ?

ACCIAJOLI.

I recognise Calabrian ; Tarantine.

GIOVANNA.

Ah me ! suspicion then must never cease !
Never, without Luigi, Tarantine
Arms glitter in the field. Even without him
(Which cannot be) his troops in my defence
Would move again those odious thoughts, among
My easy people, guileless and misled.

DEL BALZO.

His duty and his fealty enforce
What loyalty and honour would persuade.
Taranto is a fief : Taranto's prince
Must lead his army where his suzerain
Commands, or where, without commanding, needs.

ACCIAJOLI.

He cannot see your city in your absence
A prey to lawless fury, worse than war.

DEL BALZO.

Ay, and war too : for those who came as pilgrims
And penitents, to kiss the holy frock
Of father Rupert, spring up into soldiers ;
And thus are hundreds added to the guards
Which that most powerful friar placed around
Him whom we mourn for. Three strong companies
(Once only eight score each) are form'd within
The conquered city. Canopies of state
Covered with sable cloth parade the streets,
And crucifixes shed abundant blood
Daily from freshened wounds ; and virgins' eyes
Pour torrents over faces drawn with grief.
What saint stands unforgotten ? what uncall'd ?
Unincens't ? Many have come forth and walkt

Among the friars, many shouted loud
For vengeance. Even Luigi's camp stood wavering.
Only when first appeared your ship afar,
And over the white sail the sable flag,
Flapping the arms of Anjou, Naples, Hungary,
'Twas only then the rising mutiny
Paus'd, and subsided ; only then Luigi,
Pointing at that trine pennant, turn'd their rage
Into its course.

ACCIAJOLI.

Perhaps the boat I see
Crossing the harbour, may bring some intelligence ;
Perhaps he may, himself . .

GIOVANNA.

No ! not before . . .

No ! not at present . . . Must I be ungrateful ?

Never ! . . ah, must I seem so ?

SCENE II.

AN OLD KNIGHT.

From the prince
Commanding us, O lady ! I am here
To lay his homage at his liege's feet.
He bids me say, how, at the first approach
Of that auspicious vessel, which brought hither
Before her city's port its lawful queen,
His troops demanded battle. In one hour
He places in your royal hands the keys
Of your own capital, or falls before it.

GIOVANNA.

God grant he fall not ! O return ! return !

Tell him there are enow . . without, within . .
And, were there not enow . . persuade, implore . .
Show how Taranto wants him ; his own country,
His happy people . . they must pine without him !
O miserable me ! O most ungrateful !
Tell him I cannot see him . . I am ill . .
The sea disturbs me . . my head turns, aches, splits . .
I cannot see him . . say it, sir ! repeat it.

KNIGHT.

May-be, to-morrow . . .

GIOVANNA.

Worse, to-morrow ! worse !
Sail back again . . say everything . . thanks, blessings.

KNIGHT.

Too late ! Those thundering shouts are our assault . .
It was unfair without me ; it was hard . .
Those are less loud.

GIOVANNA.

Luigi is repulst !
Perhaps is slain ! slain if repulst . . he said it.
Yes ; those faint shouts . . .

KNIGHT.

Lady, they are less loud
Because the walls are between him and us.

GIOVANNA, *falls on her knees.*

O ! every saint in heaven be glorified !
Which, which hath saved him ? [*Rises.*] Yet, O sir ! if walls
Are between him and us, then he is where
His foes are ! That is not what you intend ?
What is it ? Cries again !

KNIGHT.

Not one were heard.

Had our prince dropt. The fiercest enemy
Had shrunk appall'd from such majestic beauty
Falling from heaven upon the earth beneath ;
And his own people with closed teeth had fought,
Not for their lives, but for his death : no such
Loud acclamation, lady ! had been heard,
But louder woe and wailing from the vanquisht.

GIOVANNA, *aside*.

Praises to thee, O Virgin ! who concealedst
So kindly all my fondness, half my fears !

ACCIAJOLI.

The dust is rising nearer. Who rides hither
In that black scarf ? with something in his hand
Where the sword should be. 'Tis a sword, I see,
In form at least. The dust hangs dense thereon,
Adhesive, dark.

DEL BALZO.

Seneschal ! it was brighter
This morning, I would swear for it.

ACCIAJOLI.

He throws
The bridle on the mane. He comes.

DEL BALZO.

He enters . .
We shall hear all.

SCENE III.

LUIGI OF TARANTO, *throwing up his vizor*.

Pardon this last disguise !
There was no time to take my vizor off,
Scarcely to throw my sword down in the hall.

My royal cousin ! let a worthier hand
Conduct you to the city you have won,
The city of your fathers.

GIOVANNA.

O Luigi !
None worthier, none more loyal, none more brave.
Cousin ! by that dear name I do adjure you !
Let others . . . these my friends and ministers . . .
Conduct me to the city you have won,
The city of your fathers, as of mine.
Let none who carried arms against the worst
Of my own people (for the very worst
Have only been misguided) come into it
With me, or after. Well thou governest
Thy vassals, O Luigi ! Be thy dukedom
Increast in all the wealth my gratitude
Can add thereto, in chases, castles, towns ;
But hasten, hasten thither ! There are duties
(Alas ! thou knowest like ourselves what duties)
I must perform. Should ever happier days
Shine on this land, my people will remember,
With me, they shine upon it from Taranto.

THE END.

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